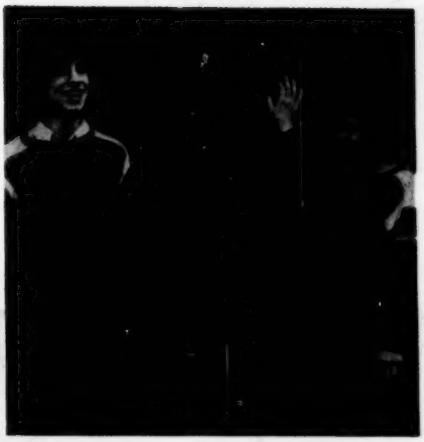
FEBRUARY 8, 1974
60 CENTS

NEW TIMES



DID PETER REILLY MURDER HIS MOTHER?

JOAN BARTHEL'S COMPELLING ACCOUNT OF HOW THE POLICE GOT HIS CONFESSION

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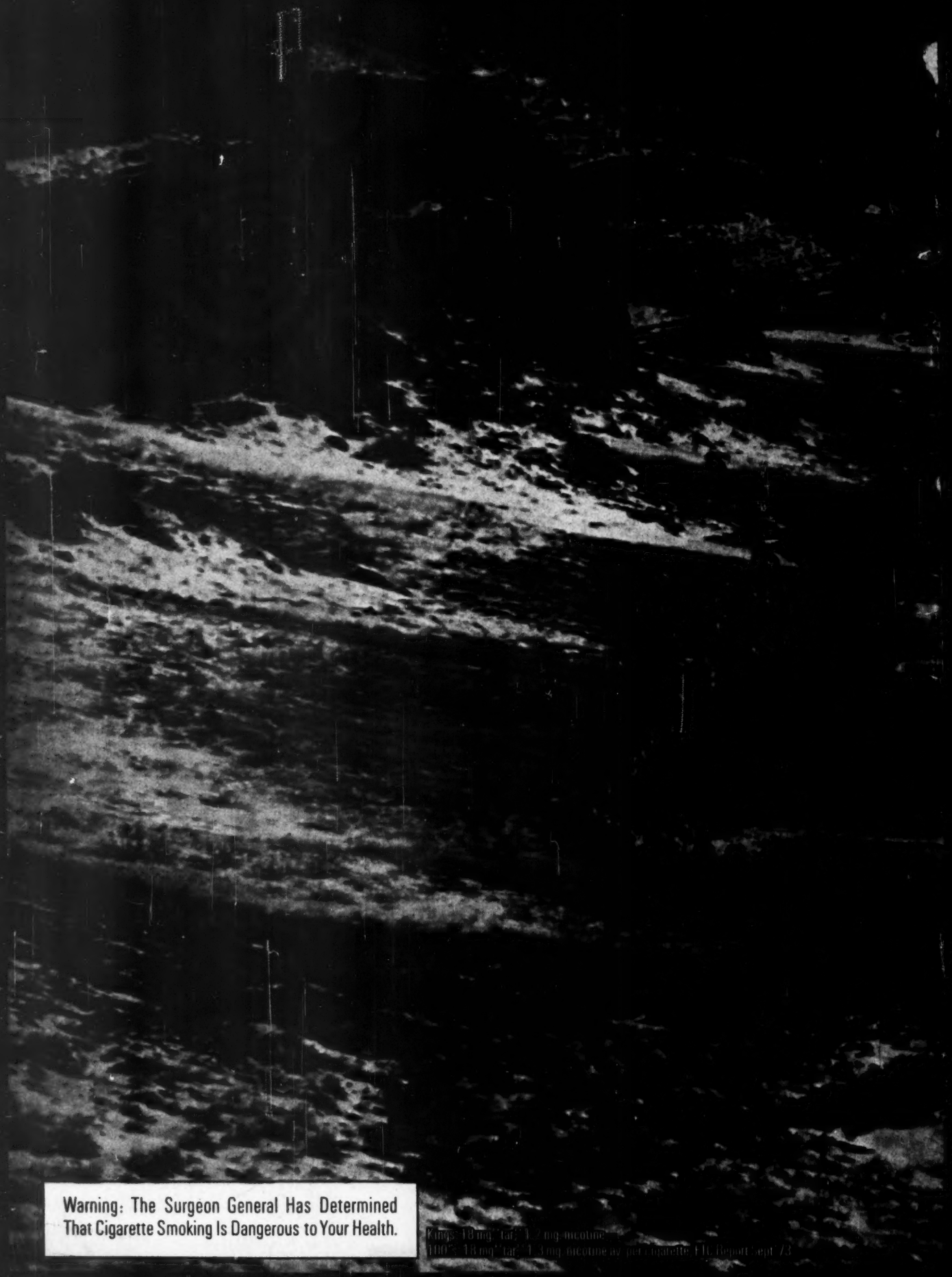

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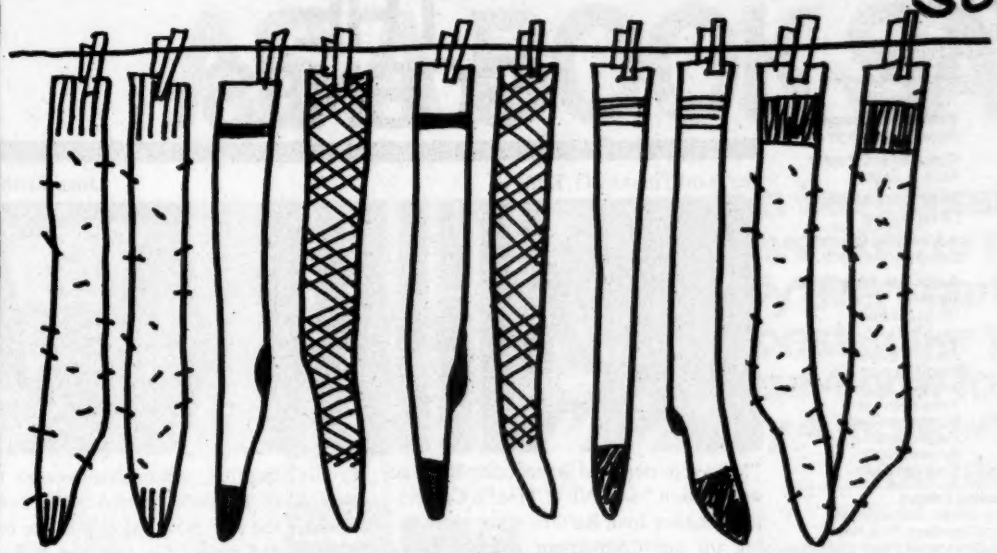

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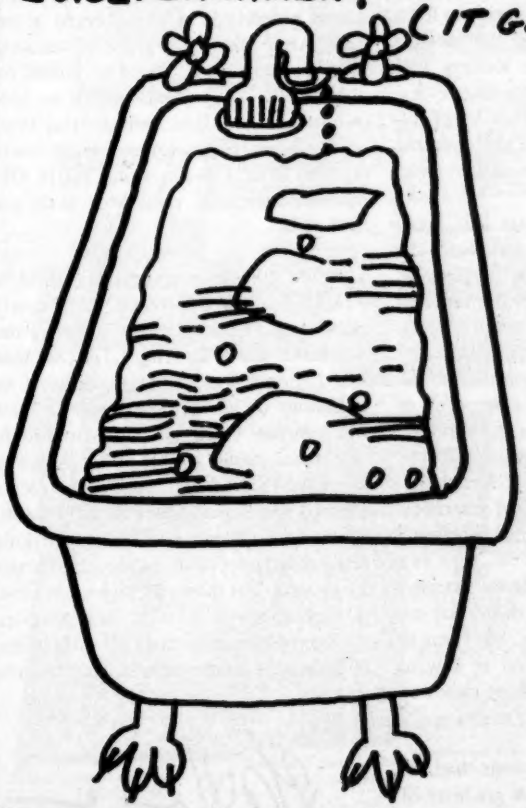
JOHN



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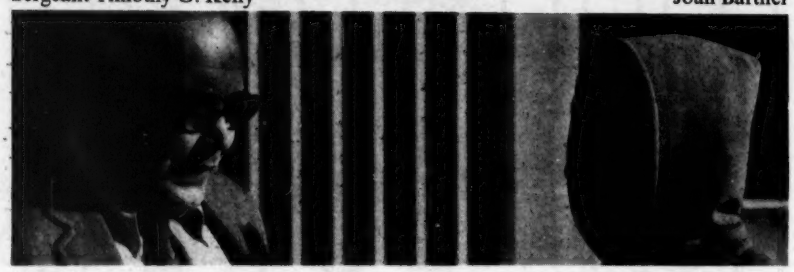
BEHIND THE SCENES

Sergeant Timothy G. Kelly — Joan Barthel



"Most reporters and writers can never go on vacation," says NEW TIMES Contributing Editor Joan Barthel, who, while fixing up her Connecticut country home with her husband last fall, stumbled upon an item in a local paper that was to propel her into the center of an American tragedy. "It said that some people were getting together in a church that Sunday night to raise bond money for a boy charged with murdering his mother," she recalls. "I tried to forget about it for a couple of days." But when the meeting occurred, she was there, looking into what she now refers to as "a bizarre case . . . one that takes place on a lot of different levels"—all of which she describes in startling detail in this issue's cover story.

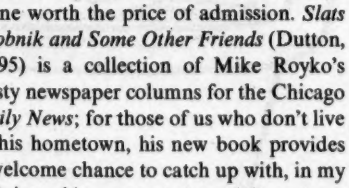
For two months after that meeting, Joan saturated herself with the people of the small town of Canaan, where Barbara Gibbons was murdered on the night of Sept. 28. In mid-December she went to the pre-trial hearing.

At that two-day courtroom session, attended by only a handful of spectators, Joan took down in shorthand the text of the police polygraph examination of 18-year-old Peter Reilly that led to the boy's confession of matricide. "I found myself really tense at court," Joan says. "I could never cover crime as a beat; I'm just not cut out to be Dorothy Kilgallen . . . . At the end of the day my hand was frozen in position, but I was so keyed up and excited about it, I went home, poured myself a glass of milk and typed it up until three in the morning—22 pages single-spaced."

Prior to this story, Joan had, in fact, never covered crime. A graduate of St. Louis University, where she got turned on to journalism by Dr. James E. Cronin's writing seminar, she came to New York to work for the New York *Times* in the late 1950s. After that she became a staff writer for *Life* and is best known for her piercing profiles of Bob Hope and Johnny Carson and her moving account of a friend's death.

I feel that Joan's piece is the strongest yet to appear in our still young magazine. It represents that rare kind of journalism which makes you care deeply about people you've never heard of before. After reading it, some of you may well feel that bond should be posted for Peter Reilly as he awaits trial. If so, contributions should be sent to the Peter Reilly Bond Fund, care of the Canaan Savings Bank, Canaan, Conn. 06018. Obviously, money is returnable at the end of the trial.

I would like to recommend to NEW TIMES readers two books, both newly published, by contributing editors of the magazine. Larry L. King's *The Old Man and Lesser Mortals* (Viking, $8.95) is an anthology of his magazine articles from the past few years, including his widely celebrated profile of his father which is alone worth the price of admission. *Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends* (Dutton, $7.95) is a collection of Mike Royko's feisty newspaper columns for the Chicago *Daily News*; for those of us who don't live in his hometown, his new book provides a welcome chance to catch up with, in my opinion, this country's best daily columnist.



George A. Hirsch

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THE WORD

Wounded Knee rally goes in the red

Sacheen: decorating the room

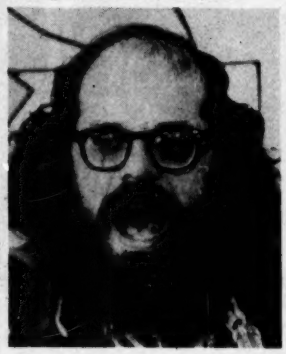
Yoko Ono didn't show. The band came late. **Troy Donahue**, still pigeon-toed and now greying, got booed. Only 200 of 17,000 seats had been filled. And the event, held in Atlanta, lost about $12,000.

It had been billed as a concert to raise money for the American Indian Movement and its Wounded Knee Offense-Defense Committee. Most disgusted about the outcome were **Dennis Banks**, a Chippewa father of 13 children, and co-rebel **Russell Means**. The two face 11 counts of conspiracy for the Indian takeover last year in Wounded Knee.

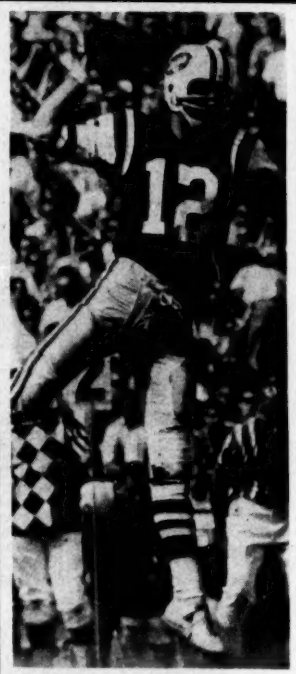
William Kunstler, chief counsel for the defendants, and his Sioux associate in the case, Ramone Ribocheux, made speeches anyway. And **Mark Lane** (*Rush to Judgment*) railed against the CIA and FBI involvement in last year's cops-and-Indians showdown.

One notable who did show up was **Sacheen Littlefeather**, the young woman who refused the Oscar for Marlon Brando and dropped her drawers for *Playboy*. Popping in at the Ramada Inn headquarters, she mussed Means' hair and asked, "Is there an Indian around here who can carry my bags?" Asked why she was there, Ms. Littlefeather giggled, "I thought I'd stand in a corner and decorate the room."

"I'm studying Buddhism at the Big Tits," **Allen Ginsberg** replied recently, when asked what he was doing in the Grand Tetons National Park. Ginsberg was taking part in a 30-member study group on top of Rendezvous Mountain under the guidance of Rinpoche, a Tibetan Guru. "Basically, what we are doing here," Ginsberg said, "is sitting quietly paying attention to the breath leaving our nostrils dissolving into space. Mixing breath with space, mind with breath, and so mixing mind with open space."



Allen Ginsberg: spaced out



Joe Namath: tour jeté

Sling aside, **Joe Namath** continues to dazzle fans with his versatility. He was just named Honorary Chairman of the Birmingham, Ala., Civic Ballet League.

Marlon Brando recently spent two weeks in Sun Valley, schussing the slopes and shunning publicity. Darkly swathed in a black knit cap, face mask, black parka and brown ski pants, he kept to himself on Dollar Mountain, the beginners' terrain. At one point, maneuvering precariously down Elk Horn Run, he spotted an ambushing photographer and yelled, "You wouldn't dare!" Not, with boards bound to his feet, that he was in any position to do anything about it.

Henry Fonda: as Clarence Darrow

Henry Fonda will be going on the stage in a new one-man play, *Clarence Darrow*—an action portrait of the famed trial lawyer in such historic events as the Scopes monkey trial, the Leopold-Loeb trial and the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times*. He opens in Chicago at a benefit performance for the American Civil Liberties Union. Later this spring he will go to New York where the proceeds will go to daughter Jane's Indochina peace campaign.

John Lennon: anything goes

John Lennon, in Los Angeles to record an album of rock and roll oldies under the watchful supervision of **Phil Spector**, dropped in at the Troubadour to cheer on singer **Ann Peebles**. He wore a sanitary napkin on his forehead.

David Bowie, who has appeared on stage in everything from rose-colored jock straps to space-age kaftans, hit a new low in haute couture when Los Angeles designer Mr. Blackwell ranked him number 10 in his annual list of the world's 10 worst-dressed women. Meanwhile, **Angela Bowie**, living with her son Zowie in the Hollywood Hills next door to Carole King, is having costume problems of her own. Arriving at Warner Brothers in a futuristic outfit designed by David to shoot *Wonder Woman*, a television pilot, Angela was quickly ordered to substitute a studio provided A-line dress.

Bowie: worst-dressed woman

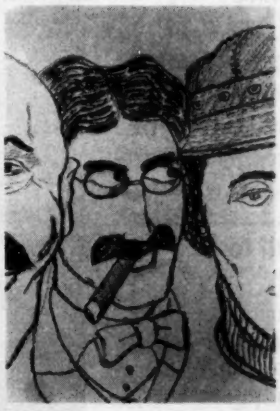
The leading ladies of the '30s and '40s—**Bette Davis**, **Joan Crawford**, **Myrna Loy** and **Sylvia Sydney**—have recently been touring around the country, showing the best of their films and then answering questions. Escorted by top agent **John Springer**, they have received surprisingly warm receptions, particularly on college campuses. At Princeton Bette Davis got a 12-minute standing ovation and several hundred students had to be turned away from the packed theater.

Richard Chamberlain, **Raquel Welch** and **Charleton Heston**—all of whom appear in **Richard Lester**'s soon to be released version of the *Three Musketeers*—were horrified to discover at preview screenings of the film that they had made two movies for the price of one. As the final reel of the comedy romance unspooled, a sequel—the *Four Musketeers*, fashioned out of extra footage shot during the original filming—flashed across the screen. Lawyers for Chamberlain and Welch say that unless their clients receive added compensation, they will take legal action.

Angela Bowie: over-dressed

Raquel: wants compensation

"We had never seen the guy until he walked in off the street," said a spokesman for the Washington D.C. Bicentennial Commission. The guy, H.H. Booker, was an unemployed artist who was commissioned at $2.75 per hour to paint a 15-foot-long by 18-inch-high mural of known and unknown faces that reflect the diversity of our history. The mural can now be seen in the Bicentennial Commission headquarters. The problem was that artist Booker added a few controversial wrinkles of his own: Mao in a western shirt, Stalin with muttonchop whiskers, Nixon in a gangster suit, Tricia in an Afro. The White House was only minimally upset, according to one of its representatives on the commission. Nevertheless, Booker was told to disguise the President to make him look less recognizable. Now he has a toupé and mustache. In any case, the art is to be a "living mural," which means it will be changed in several weeks with a whole new crew of faces.



Groucho

Tricia in an Afro and Greta Garbo

Laurel and Hardy

Nixon disguised and Gracie Allen

Stalin in muttonchops

THE INSIDER

A copped plea for Nixon; What's with Hugh Scott? *Screw* spawns a sister magazine: *Bitch*

Power Politics

China watcher Hugh Scott

Some people may find it a bit odd that Pennsylvania Senator Hugh Scott still makes public statements claiming the President could clear himself if only he would release some unmentionable evidence. One of the reasons could well be that Scott, a noted collector of Chinese art, has long had a dream to become the first American ambassador to China.

Scott: eye on Peking

Watergate committee to rise again

Contrary to Sam Ervin's much-publicized statements that the Senate Watergate Committee's investigation has cooled down since the televised hearings, sources in the committee say some major explosions are coming up in February. Over 170 people were interviewed off camera and a great deal of damaging material has been turned up, particularly in regard to the ITT and milk deals.

One of the common criticisms of the televised hearings was that inconsistencies in testimony between different witnesses were not followed up. In point of fact, all the statements made by different witnesses or made about them have been cross-indexed on a computer file system. Consequently, many potential perjury indictments are in store.

The committee is split more than ever now along partisan lines. The Democrats found out that the Republicans were tipping off the White House on who the next witnesses were going to be, allowing them to prepare consistent stories. Now the Democrats are not telling the Republicans who they plan to call next.

Lastly, since the President has come under so much heat and may not survive in office, the investigation has become considerably easier. In a plea-bargaining scramble, witnesses have volunteered more evidence, including tapes from very high levels in the White House staff.

President Nixon had this to say in his recent nationwide address on the energy situation: "I assure you that I shall not allow the American people to be the victims of a 'snow job.'" Right.

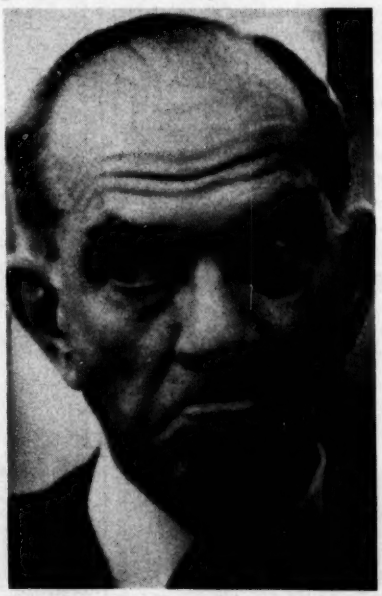
Resigning himself to resignation

What will Nixon do? Another piece of the puzzle fell silently into place last week. In a little-noticed statement, Rep. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and one of the four or five most powerful men in the Congress, said that if Nixon resigned the Arkansas congressman would move legislation to grant the then ex-President immunity from prosecution for any crimes.

White House insiders who know Nixon well and believe his image of himself is the key to the question of what he will do, now see the following script: Nixon regards himself as a crusader for America who has continually been martyred by sinister liberal forces. As the pressure continues to mount, Nixon will transfer the growing threat from himself—who of course has done nothing wrong—to the office of the Presidency—which is being damaged. Then, in the summer, he will save the Presidency by resigning. Sounds good to us.

Fulbright's fight

The word is that Governor Dale Bumpers of Arkansas may run against Senator William Fulbright next fall—and stands a good chance of beating him.



Fulbright: running scared

Media

Feminist porn

"If you've been waiting for a sexy tabloid that will *really* turn you on, if you've been aching to get your hands on a woman's paper that will give you raw sex without a Marxist analysis, then *Bitch* is for you." That's right. *Bitch*, a women's hard-core sex mag from the same people who brought you *Screw*. Articles lined up for the first issue, which debuts on the newstands this month, tell how James Caan feels about being outranked by Henry Kissinger in the stud department and a service piece on "What to tell your daughter about S-M."

"We're aiming at women who are

looking for an alternative to *Viva*, *Cosmo* and *Ms.*," says one of the three women editors, Deanne Stillman, "women who want to see a truly sexy women's paper, women who are just as raunchy as men but have no outlet for it. *Bitch* will be the only publication for women offering dirty sex."

Time warp

Time magazine is facing a minor rebellion by its editorial employees who are upset at current working conditions, particularly cutbacks that they say have left the bureaus, picture collection and clipping morgue understaffed and overworked. A petition protesting the cutbacks was submitted to managing editor Henry Grunwald—and just about every writer and researcher had signed it.

Headline of the week

The New York *Times*: "China Assails Beethoven and Schubert."

Skylab splashdown gets cold shoulder

The NASA splashdowns have now been relegated to just another story. For the first time since the space program began, the networks decided to pass up the coverage of a space capsule's return. The cost—$250,000 per network—is no longer justified by viewer interest.

Smut law not fit to print

Winchester, Ind., has found that fighting the evils of "smut" is no easy task. Under the Winchester laws all city ordinances must be printed in the town's only newspaper, the Winchester *News Gazette*. But the *Gazette* says the *ordinance* is too dirty to print. Publisher Richard Wise told *Gazette* readers in a front-page editorial that the new law was too explicit about sexual activity and that he could not, in good conscience, publish anything so obscene.

Consumer Action

MD will travel

One out of 10 doctors listed in the District of Columbia telephone book, according to a report by Melinda Nix of WMAL-TV, is not licensed to practice.

When you're out of gas, you're out of beer

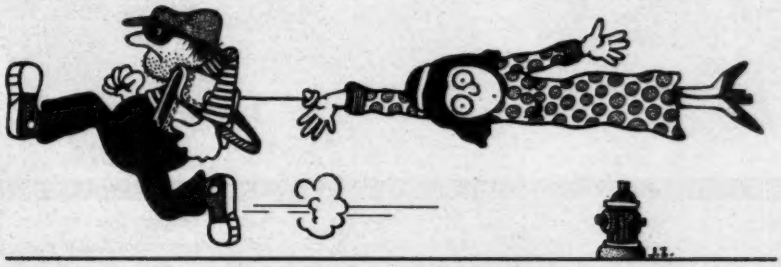
With the energy crisis, North Dakota is in danger of being not only cold but nearly dry. The North Dakota Beer Wholesalers Association has announced that instead of its usual weekly delivery of beer to retailers, shipments will now be made every other week.

Postal system tests the water

The U.S. Post Office in Norman, Okla., is running some of its trucks on watered-down gasoline in an experiment to see whether the mixture can increase mileage and lower exhaust emissions. Professor Walter J. Ewbank, of the University of Oklahoma's engineering department, developed the test and says that a mixture of gasoline and water requires emulsion—suspending the water in the gasoline—to keep the lighter gas from rising to the top of the water. At the moment four postal trucks are running on 15 percent water mixture.

Thumbs up

A California firm now has a shoulder bag designed with the mugger in mind. The user loops her thumb through a ring on the side of the bag. If someone grabs the bag and runs, the ring pulls out and activates a siren. The alarm won't stop until the bag is opened and the ring replaced. It is not clear, however, what happens to the victim's thumb.



Last clip

The great escape

FBI agents in Tennessee and Arkansas are looking for a 36-year-old Canadian who escaped from the Crittenden, Ark., jail after conning the county's chief of detectives into believing that he was working undercover to "test" the jail's security measures. The inmate then convinced a woman deputy, whom he had accused of supplying drugs to prisoners, to accompany him to Memphis "to tell her story to the attorney general." They registered at a Holiday Inn, where they were to wait for "another FBI agent." The sting? To signal the other "agent" assisting on the case, the Canadian persuaded the deputy that she must strip to her underclothes and "bounce up and down on the bed."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

FIRST CLASS, SECOND CLASS AND JUNK MAIL

Letters

American Dream Girl

It is almost impossible for me to believe that you would allow an infantile piece of puerile banality like the Harry Stein article (*I Want a Woman Just Like The . . .*) to appear in the January 11 issue of NEW TIMES. It was devoid of insight, of any understanding; it was mawkish, uninformed and rooted in palpable inexperience. To open your forum to the kind of observation and mentality exhibited in this article is an excrescence wholly beneath—and beyond—the pretensions of NEW TIMES. For God's sake and for yours, make some expression of apology for what I trust will be an unreplicated error.

William Rodgers
Town Landing, Centreville, Maryland

Mr. Stein Responds:

Listen, Rodgers, I don't need this kind of nastiness. All right, the piece may have been self-indulgent. I can buy that. Or boring. But its central observation—that even supposedly progressive young men continue to seek out women with sex appeal—strikes me as patently obvious. What are you, blind or something?

The Mondale Myth

Wallace Roberts' hatchet job on Senator Mondale (*The Mondale Myth,* January 25 issue) was a shoddy piece of journalism. Whatever Mondale's faults, they should be demonstrated credibly, not simply asserted ringingly, in a hail of cheap shots. Roberts' obvious distrust of any politician who wears a tie makes one suspect that he was one of those who, in 1968, would have said that there was no difference between Humphrey and Nixon. And why no distrust of "the people"? Even *New Times,* it seems, is willing to feed a sacred cow on occasion.

My only question is why you printed the thing, after you had a chance to see it? Did you figure that Roberts was so skilled with his long knife that you'd better get behind him before he got behind you?

Eric Redman
Somerville, Mass.

Shockley Debate

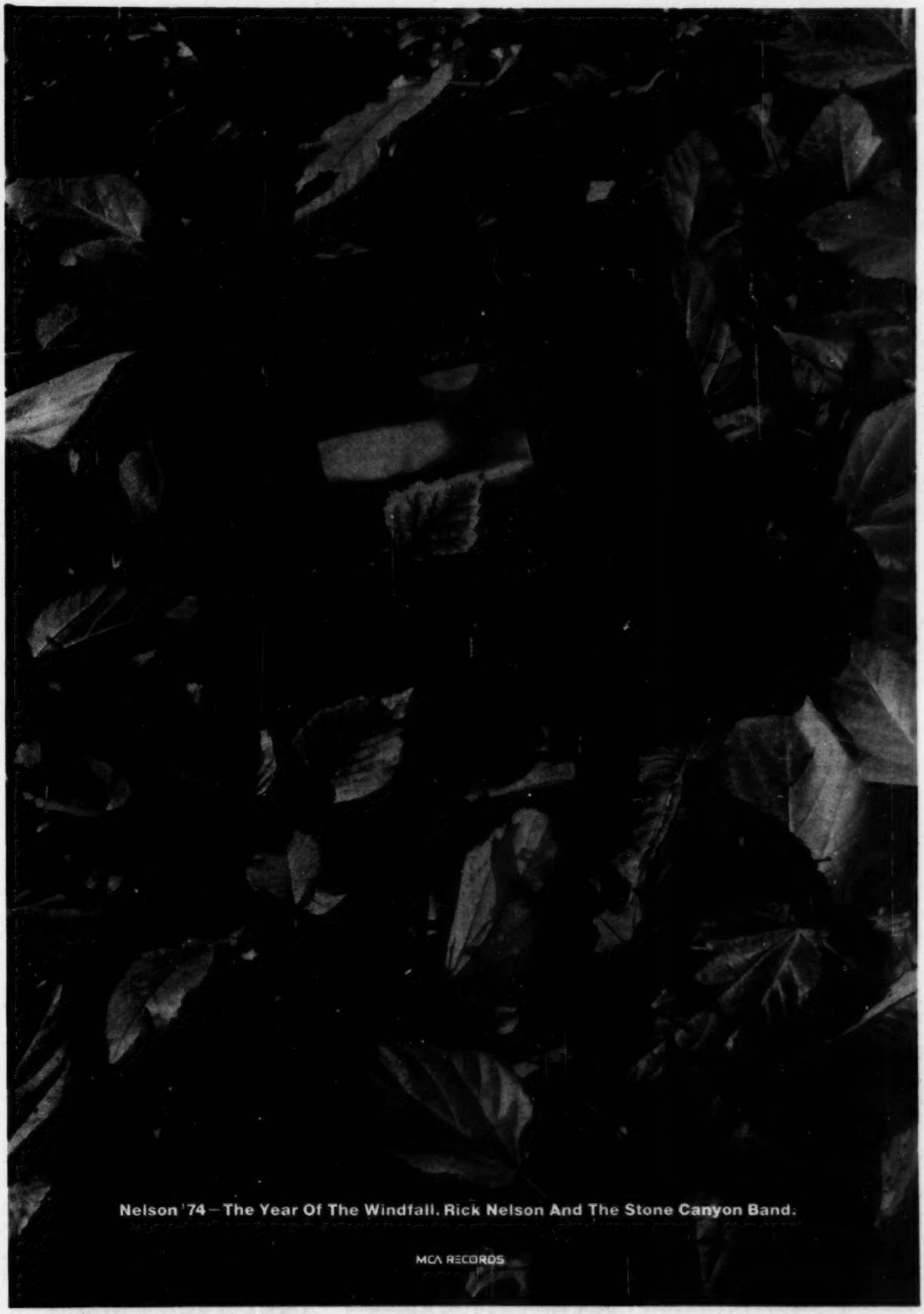
I was impressed with Larry L. King's analysis of the political ambiance of Shockley's appearance in Princeton (*The Traveling Carnival of Racism,* December 28 issue) but less impressed with his discussion of the larger background of the issue. Maybe Mr. King should have tried to take notes on Ashley Montagu's presentation.

Paul T. Hopper
Instructor of German
The Pennsylvania State University
Sharon, Pennsylvania

Final Tribute to Michael Cullen

I applaud the judgment used by the Justice Department's Immigration and Naturalization Service in deporting Michael Cullen (*All Michael Cullen ever wanted to do was feed the poor,* January 11 issue). Contrary to Nina Bernstein's bleeding heart tribute, we are well rid of a criminal. The logical conclusion of Mr. Cullen's apparent attitude toward American law, that it can be broken to reach a subjectively desirable end, is anarchy. I expect he will fit much more comfortably in Irish society.

Ralph Koslik


Nelson '74 – The Year Of The Windfall. Rick Nelson And The Stone Canyon Band.
MCA RECORDS

THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

By Frank Rich

Partner. Before the revolution, once more, with Bernardo Bertolucci, the director of *Before the Revolution* (1963), *The Conformist* (1970) and *Last Tango in Paris*. Through a screenplay he co-wrote with Gianni Amico (adapting from Dostoevski's *The Double*), the director tells of the Hawthorne-like merging of a mundane drama instructor with his radical alter ego. Pierre Clementi, who plays both parts, has rarely revealed such wide range as an actor: he's fiery, surly, magnetic or jaded, depending on the moment. But the movie, which was made in 1968 and is just going into American release, is often too precious to take seriously: a young work that gropes with Straub and Godard more out of obligation, it seems, than conviction. Bertolucci seems more comfortable when experimenting with tricky lighting effects, tango music, permutations of camera movement and color imagery (the red and blue of an antiwar poster turn up all over the place—even in a dust mop). The style the director was to realize in his two most recent movies is hinted at but in flux in *Partner*—and that, for those who admire his work, is exciting to watch.

The Exorcist. A costly carnival of nausea with the same widespread appeal of a bloody three-car collision on the New Jersey Turnpike. You don't want to look at it, but neither can you bring yourself to turn away. Take out the half-hour of repulsive special effects, though, and you're left with the same old dull witchcraft rigamarole about an innocent being who comes to be possessed by demons. Director William Friedkin (*The French Connection*) and lots of moolah have not pushed the air-bubbles out of screenwriter William Peter Blatty's narrative bloodstream. It's strictly for self-flagellation fans. With Linda Blair, Ellen Burstyn, Jason Miller and Max von Sydow.

Willie Dynamite. This serious but bungled attempt by director Gilbert Moses (*Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*) and screenwriter Ron Cutler to explore the rise and fall of a black New York City pimp is graced by the late Diana Sands' last film performance. She's as anguished and wise and funny as always, a great actress forging something beautiful out of pain.

The Day of the Dolphin. Director Mike Nichols and his favorite screenwriter, Buck Henry, have made an animal movie, albeit in the most elegant and dramatically satisfying manner imaginable. The philosophical questions (Is man meant to domesticate dolphins? etc. etc.) are childish, the suspense is tight and the nature photography is joyous. For one of America's more important directors, the film represents something of a vacation but, given that, Nichols has gone first class.

Crazy Joe. The Gallo legend in a spiritless and sloppy re-creation. There are small incongruities (Exxon stations in 1960?) and larger ones (the Little Italy settings look like stage sets), none of which helps along Lewis John Carlino's perfunctory screenplay. Peter Boyle is a screwy, amiable choice for the title character, as is Eli Wallach in the role of the kingpin Godfather. Paula Prentiss does a bit as Joe's faithful lover, looking awful and miserable beyond words.

Don't Look Now. A fabulous exercise in style by director Nicolas Roeg, from a Daphne DuMaurier story about love, clairvoyancy and death in a wintry Venice. The director orchestrates his images (grotesque gargoyles, dark catacomb-like Venetian pathways, mysterious blood-red figures) superbly, often reflecting them in shimmering canals or mirrors, until they climax in a dynamic crescendo of Poe-like terror. This technique is not labored: *Don't Look Now* is so much in control that it could serve as a model of how to shoot and edit this kind of movie. While this kind of movie (like *Performance*, which Roeg co-directed) *is* hokey and essentially thin, this one works to the limits of its nature—which can be viewed as either pop occult melodrama or obsessive 19th-century romance. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, as a couple struggling with an unknown "danger," provide priceless elegance and conviction. Their love-making scene—interspliced with shots of their post-orgasm dressing—is as intimate and moving as any in recent memory.

Papillon. A catastrophe of major financial proportions, adapted by Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple Jr. from Henri Charriere's memoir about his years devoted to planning escapes from the French penal system. The moral has something to do with the indomitable spirit of man and all that jazz—but mostly the film is a very long rehash of scenes you've seen in dozens of other better prison-break movies. Along the way there are a few embarrassing dream sequences meant to explain character, some lush but bland scenery, a topless native girl or two and some lepers who turn out to be pretty nice guys. During the last hour, the pace accelerates and the story runs off its tracks—into incoherency. Franklin J. Schaffner's direction is glossy and overblown; on occasion, Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman get to change their make-up.

A King in New York. An eccentric, flawed and exceedingly wonderful Chaplin film, made in England in 1957 and kept out of commercial release in this country until now by the forces of McCarthyism. Although the movie is laced with satiric jokes about American TV and commercialism, Chaplin's view of HUAC is what gives the film its impact. He

eschews the shrill liberalism of the period, instead choosing to present a wide, gentle and deeply tragic picture of what happens when the kindest of people compromise their integrity. In its benignancy *A King in New York* is very much of a piece with *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *The Countess from Hong Kong* (1967).

Alfredo, Alfredo. Dumb, flat Italian comedy about a shy bank clerk who gets involved with a woman who screams at the top of her lungs each time she reaches orgasm. With Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*).

Sleeper. Woody Allen's vision of the future can hold its own with Stanley Kubrick's. As Allen sees it, civilization c. 2173 will have its own share of underground revolutionaries, McKuenesque poets, McDonald's hamburgers and slippery banana peels. If Allen's sense of structure and pacing were up to his genius for comic invention and social insight, he would be a great filmmaker. As it is, he's an often brilliant one, and *Sleeper*, while flagging toward the end, is the funniest movie of the year. Assisting the director-star is Diane Keaton, who does a Marlon Brando imitation to end them all and with whom it is impossible not to fall in love.

Serpico. Al Pacino, as a New York cop who battles the corruption of his peers, binds this film together by sheer force of personality. Sidney Lumet's direction is plodding and the Waldo Salt/Norman Wexler screenplay (from Peter Maas' book) never fills out the fascinating justice junkie of a hero. The story, though, is unique for a latter-day cops-and-robbers movie, despite a few degrading excursions into Serpico's lovelife.

Magnum Force. A drab sequel to *Dirty Harry*, with star Clint Eastwood but without director Don Siegel, in which we learn that Harry is all that stands between us and the forces of true fascism.

The Sting. A convoluted "gimmick" film about two '30s con men in Chicago. It's often pleasant despite the plot's illogical twists. There are old-fashioned cinematic devices galore, lots of dime-novel lingo, some loving burnt-sienna Robert Surtees cinematography and easygoing comic performances by Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Director George Roy Hill, also of the *Butch Cassidy* gang, keeps it all moving.

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe. A Hitchcockian premise—an eccentric musician becomes an unwitting and unaware pawn in a battle among secret intelligence forces—is the basis for a French farce. The movie is delightful to look at, well acted, long on charm and short on laughs. Directed by Yves Robert and starring Pierre Richard, a Gallic Danny Kaye.

Pierre Clementi in Bertolucci's Partner: *fiery, surly, magnetic, jaded.*

In books

The Eye of the Heart *42 great short stories by Latin American writers, including Pablo Neruda, Jorge Luis Borges, Gabriela Mistral, Carlos Fuentes, Miguel A. Asturias, Jorge Amado, Octavio Paz.* Edited by Barbara Howes (Bobbs Merrill, 415pp., $10.95). It's only within the past decade that we've begun to lift our rhinestone-studded sunglasses long enough to realize that an enormous and impressive literature exists south of Laredo, Texas. What happens, though, is that a few favorites get translated. Haciendas are reserved in heaven for representatives of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Dutton, New Directions, Pantheon and Knopf for having encouraged translations from the Spanish and Portuguese. And reviewers have at least one annual field day (usually on a Sunday) as still another legitimately "major" Latin American writer is "discovered." It's a beginning, anyway; and while we can still assess the quality of the work translated in terms of its position in "world" (Western) literature, it would be nice if we could look at it within its own context—how the work of César Vellejo, for example, relates (or doesn't relate) to that of Rómulo Gallegos, Leopoldo Lugones, or Machado de Assis. That's why this new collection of 42 stories by Latin American writers is so important. First, it will probably introduce many North American readers to writers new to them (João Giumarães Rosa, for one—a remarkably good writer whose work had been published here by Knopf but somehow escaped us; or Dinah Silveira de Queiroz, awarded the Machado de Assis prize by the Brazilian Academy of Letters yet generally untranslated into English). Second, these are *good* stories. Barbara Howes' taste is exemplary. Reading through *The Eye of the Heart* is like going through a 10-pound box of chocolates without finding a single piece one wants to nibble the corner of and put back into the box.—Anne Schneider

Darkness in Summer *by Takeshi Kaiko, translated from the Japanese by Cecilia Segawa Seigle* (Knopf, 210 pp., $6.95). There's a peculiar, debilitating lassitude that sometimes strikes some people when their lives are about to change (Robert Penn Warren once called it "the Big Sleep"). It's a restless, immensely tiring, heavy yet fitful sleep—with disembodied, chaotic dreams more real than anything occurring during those moments when one is "awake"—usually just long enough to eat, defecate, perhaps bathe. It's the torpor duplicated by Thorazine—one of the least efficacious "treatments" of "mental illness" known to modern medicine. The victim, the sleeper, exists—sometimes for weeks at a time—on an odd, protoplasmic plane: reading takes too much effort; thought takes too much effort; the moving figures on a television screen become vague, mesmerizing shadows. Life takes on the aspect of a neon sign that flashes diffuse light, off, on, off, on, into a kind of suspended twilight. Yet underlying it all is a constant, vague, sensual craving—a kind of last, instinctive hunger for life. It can be a thoroughly wearing experience—and it's the state in which we find the male protagonist of *Darkness in Summer*, the first novel by Takeshi Kaiko—one of Japan's most celebrated contemporary novelists—to

be translated into English. The nameless protagonist is a writer who has spent time in Southeast Asia covering the Vietnam war. He is 40, he feels his body and his world easing into pale flabbiness. He is waiting, sleeping, for a reunion with a woman he knew 10 years earlier, a woman who is an orphan—literally and figuratively—who left Japan, permanently, for other countries because she wanted more than the circumscribed, deadening life open to a woman in Tokyo even a decade ago. She is now a graduate fellowship student in Germany, just completing her dissertation. Her life is raw, elemental—with the gnawing loneliness of an intellectual totally uprooted and living without love. The story of their reunion, their summer together, is one of the most sensual works of fiction we've read in a long time. This is a fine, languorous novel, somewhat dispiriting in its resolution—a disquieting, interesting gift to us from the Japanese.—A.S.

Falling Bodies *by Sue Kaufman* (Doubleday, 288 pp. $6.95.) Ms. Kaufman herewith solidifies her claim to novelist laureate of life among the ultra-strivers. Returning to the deluxe tiers of New York's Upper East Side, locale of her enormously successful novel *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, she explores the tattering domestic arrangements of the Sohier family at a particularly trying time in the life of heroine Emma, whose head proves a monitoring center of a rarefied (and saving) whimsy and acute sensitivity. If flawed by a bit of excess in her characterizations and a loss of control at the close, Sue Kaufman's fifth novel displays love, dignity, intelligence and ginger in abundance—a worthy harvest by any standard.—Richard Kluger

Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing: Year of the Panda *by Larry R. Collins and James K. Page Jr.* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 164 pp., $6.95). Told with understated delight, here's everything you always wanted to know about pandas, which turn out to be quite remarkable beasts (though, appearances to the contrary, they are decidedly unhuggable). As the nation's best known pair of resident aliens this side of John and Yoko, Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing came to the Washington zoo from Peking in a straight-player deal for a couple of rheumy American musk-oxen—one of the few undisputed triumphs of the Nixon Presidency. This account of the rambunctious duo's first year here—full of furry anecdote as well as plenty of informative natural history—is good reading for every literate member of the family.–R.K.

Letters of Alice B. Toklas *edited by Edward Burns* (Liveright, 426 pp., $11.95). An enriching if not remarkably revealing addendum to the long shelf of *belle-lettres* on the Stein-Toklas world that came into being in Paris in 1907. Alice's *Letters* do not unlock her heart; she and Gertrude were 19th century ladies and, as Alice always said, "Gentlemen do not tell." Still, there are insights and intimacies here worth mining

On records

Planet Waves *Bob Dylan* (Asylum). Sad, sad portrait of a lost hero trying vainly to struggle out from beneath the weight of his legend. A collection of insistent love songs and wistful notes on growing old laced with pointed references to his past that are meant to banish the ghosts, not dredge them up again. A rough sound, sometimes strongly reminiscent of Early Bob, but this is not a relapse by any means, nor is it a true step forward. Much better than it initially sounds. "Going, Going Gone" and the long version of "Forever Young" are heartbreaking—Janet Maslin

Sundown *Gordon Lightfoot* (Warner Bros.). The musical equivalent of Old Faithful comes up with his yearly good album, easily up to par and even better than the last two. His strongest effort since *Summer Side Of Life.* —J.M.

Last Time I Saw Him *Diana Ross* (Motown). Motown goes Muzak and Diana does her best to sound like Helen Reddy, but the title cut is a sure shot on the singles' chart so her instincts aren't all bad. "Last Time I Saw Him" is overly cute, the rest too bland and the cover shot was stunning until somebody decided to jazz it up with those superfluous red fireworks. Too bad.—J.M.

There Goes' Rhymin' Simon *Paul Simon* (Columbia). A trifle dated for reviewing by now, but Simon's most adventurous and successful solo effort thus far should have been included on our Best Albums of 1973 list of two issues ago.—J.M.

Armed and Extremely Dangerous *The First Choice* (Bell). Months after their single hit, "Armed and Extremely Dangerous," these three beauties from Philadelphia finally released their first album. Good things come to those who wait and *"Armed"* is not merely good, it's superb. Norman Harris should be commended for his impeccable taste in arranging and producing The First Choice's debut album. They give their all to Al Green's hit "Love and Happiness" and it gets over well. Favorite—"Newsy (Nosey) Neighbors," a fast jumpin', hip bumpin', foot stomping piece that has the potential to go right to the top. It's definitely a first choice.—Cynthia Wilson

Giant Box *Don Sebesky* (CTI). Don Sebesky is to jazz arranging what Arthur Fiedler is to classical conducting—the King of the Pops. Only Don could weld sterling Stravinsky to mediocre McLaughlin (as he does on a number called "Firebird/Birds of Fire") and make it all sound like Mantovani on an acid trip. To the credit of this elaborately orchestrated two-record set is the best recording quality of any domestic label and soloists like Ron Carter, George Benson, Billy Cobham and Milt Jackson. But it's a little like having Vladimir Horowitz and Isaac Stern play with the Hollywood Strings.—Peter Occhiogrosso

1928: His First Recordings *Mississippi John Hurt* (Biograph). Hurt, like a comet, enjoyed a brief but brilliant popularity between rediscovery (1963) and death (1966) at 74. Piedmont and Vanguard cut LPs, including his "live" Newport Folk Fest and Oberlin concerts. Now, at last, 13 of his classic original 78s are available—and sound great. It was one of these 78s, waxed in Memphis and New York by Columbia's black-aimed Okeh label, that rescued Hurt after 35 years of $28-a-month farm labor: "Avalon my home town, always on my mind," he sang. And there he was, in Avalon, Mississippi. The song's on this album, as are the wryly sexy "Candy Man," menacing "Stack O'Lee," mournful "Louis Collins" and finger-pickin' good "Frankie."—Anton J. Mikofsky

The Son Seals Blues Band *Son Seals* (Alligator). Barely 30, Seals already stands out among blues and rock guitarists. Youngest of 13 kids in a family that ran a roadhouse on Arkansas' Highway 61 (no lie!), Frank "Son" Seals grew up hearing blues greats of the '40s and '50s. Now a Chicagoan, he cuts an electric path aided by organ, bass and drums on this well-produced debut album.—A.J.M.

Cohen: "some of the best use of electronically altered saxophone."

Friends *Marc Cohen and John Abercrombie* (Oblivion). Some of the best new jazz recordings have been coming lately from small independent labels like Oblivion, which rounds out its three-item catalog with this unpretentious gem. Despite Mahavishnuesque compositions, Marc Cohen makes some of the best, and almost the only, use of

electronically altered saxophone since Eddie Harris popularized it years ago. John Abercrombie plays exceptional electric guitar that fits in succinctly. But Cohen's amplified alto is the real leader: rocking, rollicking, liquid and always very electric. If this one's not in your local chain store, try writing the JCOA New Music Distribution Service, 6 W. 95 Street, New York, N.Y., or Oblivion, Box X, Roslyn Heights, New York, N.Y. 11577.—P.O.

Bellini, I Puritani *Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Louis Quilico, Paul Plishka, London Philharmonic Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus, Julius Rudel, conductor* (ABC/Audio Treasury, Three Records). Much of my disappointment in this new release centers on Rudel's lack of insight into Bellini's melodic structure and flow: seldom does his leadership rise above the routine. Despite her penchant for overembellishment, Beverly Sills makes a convincingly crazed Elvira, and one could not hope for a more cavalier Arturo than Nicolai Gedda. His voice shows signs of wear, however, and even under optimum circumstances, I think Arturo's high F should be entombed with Bellini. Paul Plishka made a sensitive Giorgio, but Louis Quilico found Riccardo's music too florid for his sturdy baritone. In short, we have a serviceable but flawed performance, offering no competition for the old Callas/Di Stefano Angel edition.—Stanley Boczek

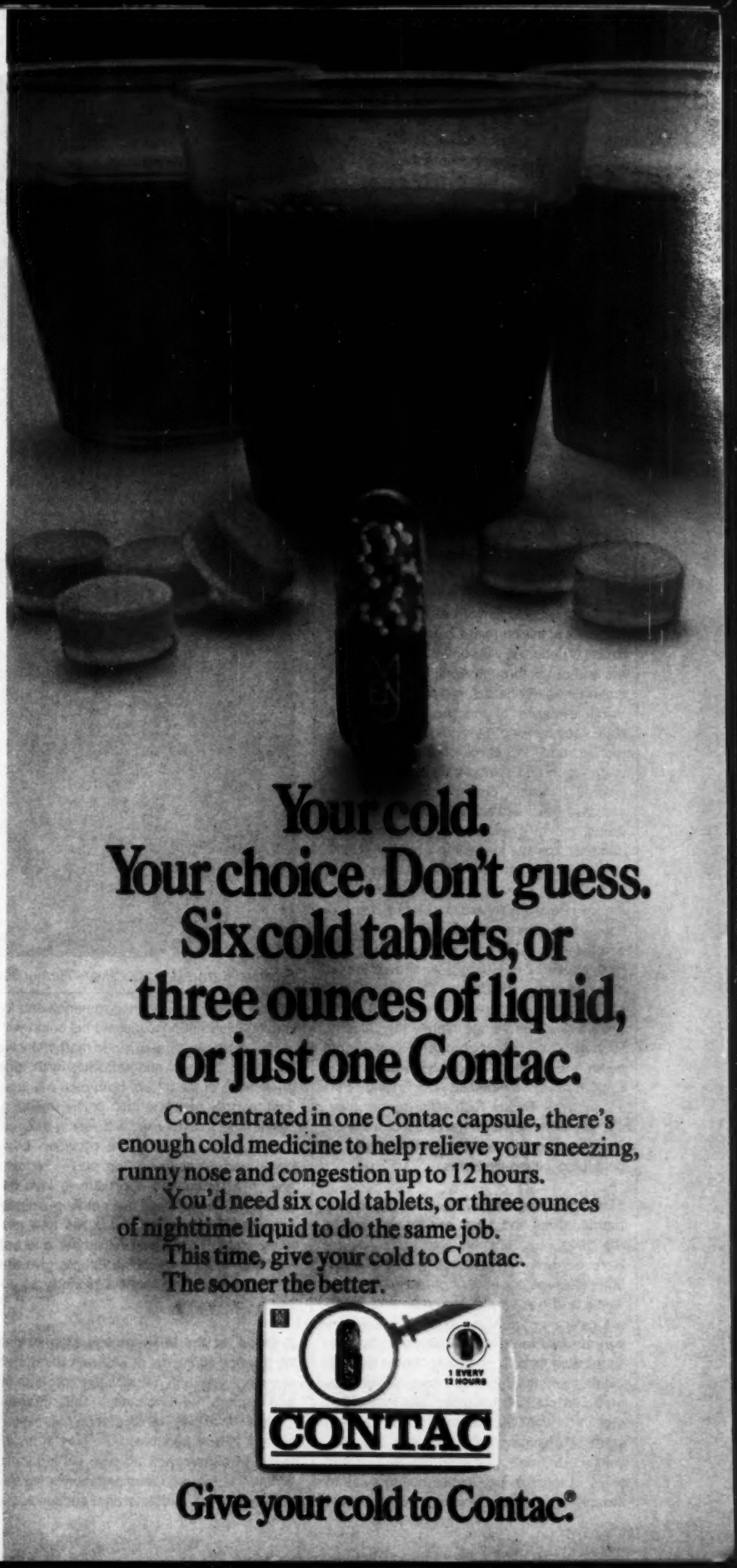
Maria Callas: Arias I Love *Bellini, Cherubini, Puccini, Spontini, Verdi* (Angel). WARNING! LISTEN WITH CAUTION: THIS RECORDED MATERIAL CAN BE HIGHLY ADDICTIVE! A few of La Divina's gems from the '50s, when she was at her vocal pinnacle, many from now deleted complete recordings. I'm sure these arias love her, too, for it is doubtful that they will ever receive a comparable performance. A must for all opera novices and collectors who have worn through the grooves on their old pressings.—S.B.

Schumann: Davidsbündlertänze; Fantasiestücke *Murray Perahia* (Columbia M32299). To choose two long, difficult Schumann works for one's debut album takes nerve; to outclass all the competition, including some of the greatest veterans, is a staggering achievement. Pianophiles take note of 26-year-old Murray Perahia, a sensational new talent who, unlike so many of the new generation of pianists, appears completely at home in romantic music. His readings are eloquent, beautifully gauged and, where called for, exciting and brilliant.—Eric Kisch

At the theater

By Janine Coyle

Barbary Shore. Only Norman Mailer could draw me out to theater on a sub-zero Sunday evening; only Norman Mailer could bore with such pretentious and dated drivel. While Jack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Gelber takes credit for directing and adapting the author's early novel, the obtuse and rambling prose belongs to Mailer alone. A political puzzle chock full of idealistic ravings on the abuse of socialism and the revolutionary's impossible dream loses momentum and the audience early on in the play. Hopefully, this is a minor diversion from the New York Shakespeare Festival's intention to bring forward fresh, innovative playwrights. Mailer just doesn't fit the description. As the burnt-out reactionary, Rip Torn lumbers heavily from scene to scene, presumably fighting off sleep like the rest of us. What a shame we don't see more of Estelle Parsons, a "svelte si-reen" whose sensuous sashaying stirred even drowsy Rip Torn. Taking a gamble on untapped talent is a praiseworthy risk. But rehashing yesterday's tripe seems a terrible waste of energy and talent.

Richard II. The British are in Brooklyn. For the next four months we will share the Royal Shakespeare Company with Stratford-on-Avon. Thanks to the airline that other airlines hate—British Caledonian—not only the actors but the original sets have been transported to the Brooklyn Academy to recreate the magnificence of this company's productions. And British Caledonian will continue airlifting players and props through April. The auspicious first offering, *Richard II*, is a play of parallels. Visual evidence of this are the two giant staircases flanking either side of the stage. Richard and Bolingbroke first emerge from under each and symbolically wrestle for the crown. Thereafter, the power shifts, as Richard says, like buckets in a well—when one drops, the other rises. Richard, weak and unmanly, resigns too willingly his rule. Habit and ancestry compel him to challenge his rival. But the burden of kingly responsibility weighs heavy on Richard, making his usurpation by Bolingbroke mere child's play. Neither contester is evil; both their destinies are ruled by fate. Victorious Bolingbroke grasps firmly, if not joyously, the crown. Two of Britain's finest performers, Ian Richardson and Richard Pasco, interchange nightly the roles of Richard and Bolingbroke—emphasizing again the parallels—and both are superb. English never sounded so rich. Rolling "r's" as deftly as Buddy Rich rolls drums, their speech alone rewards the price of a ticket. But even more, this production triumphs in bold, bigger-than-life terms.

Find Your Way Home. Alan and Jackie are married; Alan and Julian are in love. One of the three must find his way home—alone. Here is frank, often brutal, writing. Author John Hopkins confronts homosexuality as a viable and honest passion. Alan and Julian are lovers, not caricatures, their sexuality a very positive force. Essentially, this play dissects relationships, revealing "home truths," Julian's phrase for those easy falsehoods that coat marital indigestion like Pepto Bismol. "You smell of children . . . you'll always smell of children," Alan accuses his wife, Jackie. He recalls that even during their first years of lovemaking, Jackie bolted away at the merest whimper from the nursery. Alan blames her for souring their romance and for leading him to choose instead his union with Julian. A sallow, pursed-lipped martyr, Jackie invites his abuses and retaliates with lurid predictions of the misery both men will face. First tearfully pleading then coldly rejecting, Jackie is less concerned with losing the man than with surrendering the provider. Low-keyed and unassuming, this play is remarkable in its unbashed approach to love between two men. These are not limp-wristed, fastidious fairies—Alan and Julian love normally and happily. Jane Alexander and Lee Richardson as the battling couple give fine performances, and Michael Moriarty as Julian is outstanding.

Richard II and Bolingbroke: "Heavy lies the head that wears the crown"

A Moon for the Misbegotten. Magnificent! All the rich grandeur of first-rate theater—a stunning play, an impeccable production and superb performances. This, Eugene O'Neill's final play, ranks among his masterpieces. O'Neill conceived the play in an attempt to explain and absolve his alcoholic brother, Jamie, who lived and died in shame. Whether or not the playwright succeeded in justifying Jamie's behavior, he unquestionably triumphed in its recounting. In the play James "Jamie" Tyrone survives only on his reputation as actor and lothario. Spewing phlegm and platitudes, he scarcely resembles the dapper dandy whom Broadway tarts once lusted after. Landlord of a parched Connecticut farm, he swills bonded bourbon but thirsts only for a peaceful, sleepy death. Haunted by the memory of his drink-inspired assaults on his mother's deathbed, Jamie aches to confess and be pardoned. Josie, a bigger-than-life earth-mother ("I'm an ugly lump of a woman . . . a rough cow," she insists), provides a willing ear and ample heart. But Josie realizes she will never be more than caretaker to her "crooked goat" of a father. They will waste their lives together in a shanty that interrupts Tyrone's rock-strewn pastureland. No superlatives can convey the pure genius of the performances by Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst and Ed Flanders. Each brings a warm, humor-edged understanding to his role, creating an evening of theater as priceless as Arabian oil.

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Did Peter Reilly murder his mother?

By Joan Barthel

The compelling account of how the police got an 18-year-old boy to confess to a brutal killing —and how the aftermath is shaking up a small New England town

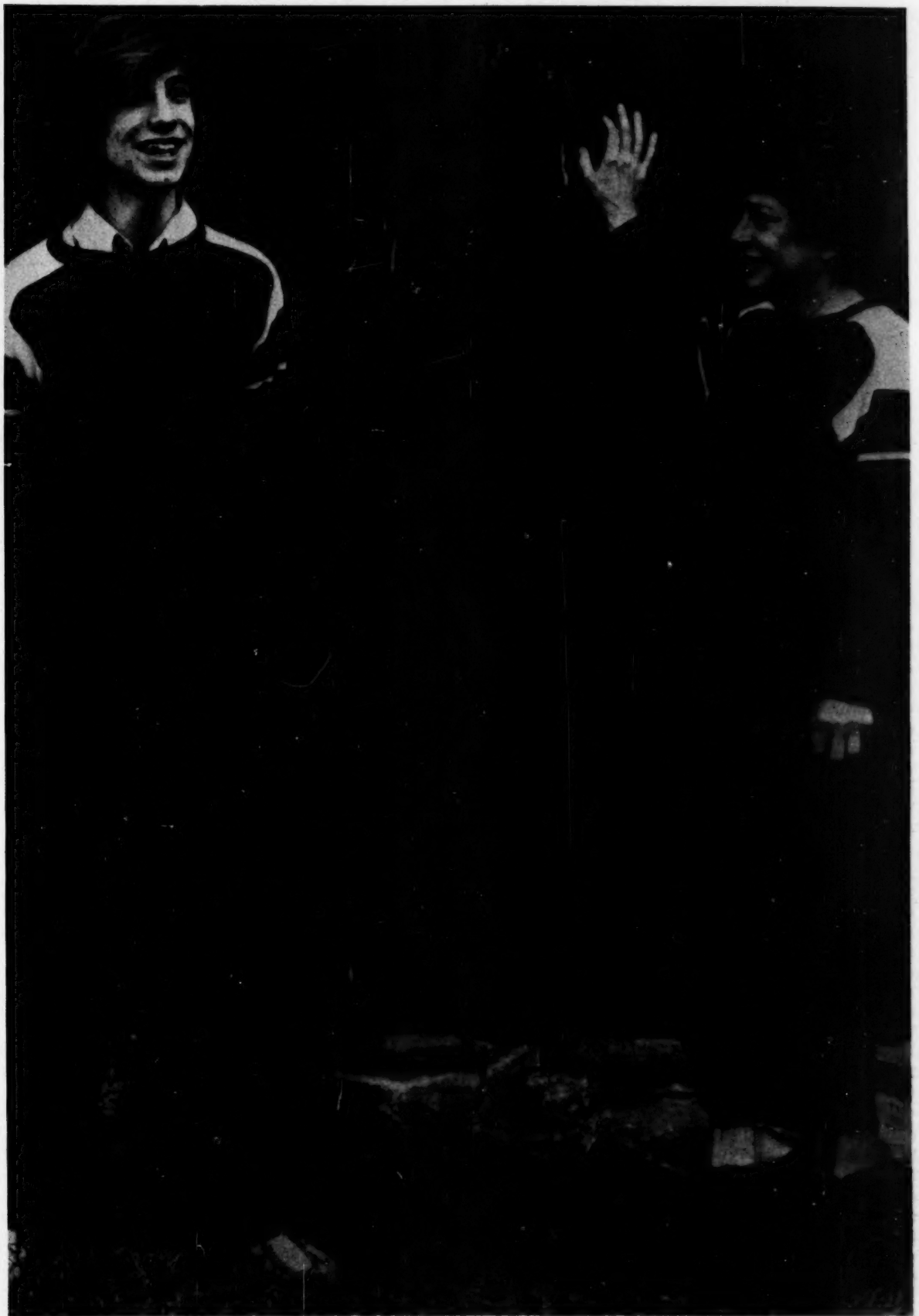
Even the people who didn't consider Barbara Gibbons "a damned nuisance" concede that she was different. "If she'd been rich, you'd call her eccentric," says Father Paul Halovatch of Canaan. "Around here, she was just an oddball." People passing by her tiny rented house on Connecticut Route 63 were used to seeing Barbara sitting on the front porch, day and night, listening to her blaring radio, reading, waving at the traffic. In the coldest weather she sat wrapped in a raccoon coat.

Barbara said she'd been married and divorced, but few people were ever convinced, even though her son Peter's last name isn't Gibbons but Reilly. Peter is 18, a high school senior, so well liked by his friends and their families that Mickey and Marion Madow, Geoffrey's parents, say that when this is all over, they want Peter to come live with them. The Madows were among the first to arrive at Peter's house the Friday night Barbara was murdered, last September 28, because they are the volunteer ambulance dispatchers for their area of northwestern Connecticut and Peter called them first. When he went away with one of the troopers to Canaan Police Barracks, the Madows expected he'd be brought back to their house during the night; he'd often slept over with them. Instead, he remained in police custody all weekend. The following night, around midnight, he was formally arrested, and on Monday morning, already dressed in jailhouse khakis, he was arraigned on a charge of murdering his mother.

Peter has no surviving family in Connecticut (or hardly anywhere), so the Madows are allowed to visit him every Saturday from 2 to 4 p.m. at the Litchfield County Jail along with two other families, the Belignis and the Dickinsons. Jean and Aldo Beligni are so close to Peter that he begins his letters to them, "Dear Mom and Dad." Bill and Marie Dickinson live nearest to Peter's house, (all roped off now, WARNING! signs nailed all around), within walking distance down the highway. Edward Dickinson, Peter's classmate, used to call Peter to wake him up, although Marie told her son, "make yourself scarce," when she heard Barbara had a black man living there for a while.

It must have been a very casual house. Geoff Madow says Barbara's marine-band radio had worked fine for 34 years until the night she threw it out the window. Ricky Beligni, who played drums in a four-piece rock band, Peter on lead guitar, kept his 12-gauge shotgun at Peter's, occasionally using it to shoot woodchucks for the old man in the big house, the owner, Mr. Kruse. Once, when the boys were fooling around with the gun in Peter's living room, it went off, blasting away the top of a tall clock. They say Barbara only shrugged and didn't seem to mind.

His friends say that Peter is easy-going, friendly, funny. No mental prob-



The last known picture of Peter Reilly and his mother, Barbara Gibbons, taken by a friend in April, 1973.

lems. Not a killer. Not someone who could have done what was done to Barbara. Her throat was slashed over and over. Both her legs were broken above the knees. Her ribs were broken, and her nose. There were certain hidden injuries. The small room where she and Peter slept in bunk beds was splashed with blood. Barbara was nude except for a T-shirt pushed up around her neck. Her bloody jeans were lying in the bathtub, soaking wet. She was 51.

No date has been set for Peter's murder trial, although pre-trial hearings have been held on a defense motion to suppress certain statements and evidence on the grounds that Peter's confession was "involuntary and coerced." During one day of the hearings, tape recordings of the polygraph test for which Peter volunteered were played in open court. The excerpts from those tapes (which run four hours) used in this article are abridged for space reasons, but nothing is out of sequence or context.

This is the story of how what happened to Barbara has affected Peter and the Dickinsons and Madows and Belignis and other friends (and others who are not friends), and how it has influenced a boy and a town and created new attitudes about the law, most poignantly illustrated by Jean Beligni's feelings toward State Trooper James Mulhern. He and the Belignis and prosecuting attorney John Bianchi are parishioners at St. Joseph's in Canaan, where Father Paul is curate. Gina Beligni and Michael Mulhern are classmates in the second grade. Paul Beligni, Geoff Madow and Peter helped Jim Mulhern break rocks for a stone walk last summer. Mrs. Mulhern saw Peter at the teen center the night Barbara was killed, and it was Jim Mulhern who took Peter to Hartford the next afternoon, to take a lie detector test administered by Sergeant Timothy G. Kelly. At that point, after about 15 hours in custody, Peter had not yet seen a lawyer. He'd signed a waiver of rights, which stated he was willing to talk without a lawyer. And when he'd asked the lieutenant in command if he was a suspect, the lieutenant said he was.

Later, when Jim Mulhern came round to the Belignis to interview Jean, this is what she said: "Ten years from now, Jim, will you let what happened to Peter happen to your Michael? What you did to Peter is morally wrong. You did your job, but your job could have been tempered with a little bit of humanity. You should have said to Peter: 'You're in serious trouble, you ought to get a lawyer.' Jim Mulhern, you have a face that would charm the angels, you have a blue jacket on, and I wouldn't trust you as far as I could throw my stove. In one weekend you tore down things I have spent 39 years believing and 17 years teaching my children. Now I'd rather have my child say 'I want to be a hippie bum' rather than 'I want to be a policeman.' "

"Now I'd rather have my child say, 'I want to be a hippie bum' rather than 'I want to be a policeman' "

"Pete, how are you? Tim Kelly's my name. Sergeant Kelly. Gotta let you know who I am. They told you your constitutional rights last night, right? Now this is a new day, I'm a new person. You have a right to consult an attorney. You can leave here, Pete, at any time you want. Fair enough?"

(They talk about Peter's leaving the house with Geoff Madow at 7:20 that Friday night to go to the teen center. Each boy took his own car, Peter using the white '68 Corvette that his godmother in New York had given him.)

K: My brother-in-law has a Corvette. For me it's too small a car. Every time I get in and out I crack my head.

P: But there's plenty of leg room.

K: Yeah. What time did you leave the teen center?

P: Around 9:30, 9:35. I had to find a level spot to park my car because the emergency brake wasn't working. I went into the house. I said, "Mom, I'm home." And there was no answer. We were very limited on space. We had bunk beds. When I wasn't home she always slept in the top bunk. Then I saw her on the floor. She had a T-shirt on and it was kind of pushed up to here. Nothing else on . . . there was blood all over the place. She was breathing. Her eyes were closed and she didn't respond when I yelled to her. She didn't seem to be bleeding any more but there was blood all over the place. I was afraid to touch her for some reason. My first reaction was to call for help. I called Mrs. Madow and she said they'd be right down. She told me to call my family doctor. But his wife said he wasn't there, to call the Sharon Hospital Emergency Room. They asked me if she was still breathing. At that point she had almost stopped breathing. They asked me if I could give artificial respiration. I said no. They said they'd contact the state police and send an ambulance. I said I'd already called an ambulance.

K: What did you do then?

P: I walked out the door. I *ran*. There was a hibachi by the door. I threw it out of the way so it wouldn't be in the way of the ambulance.

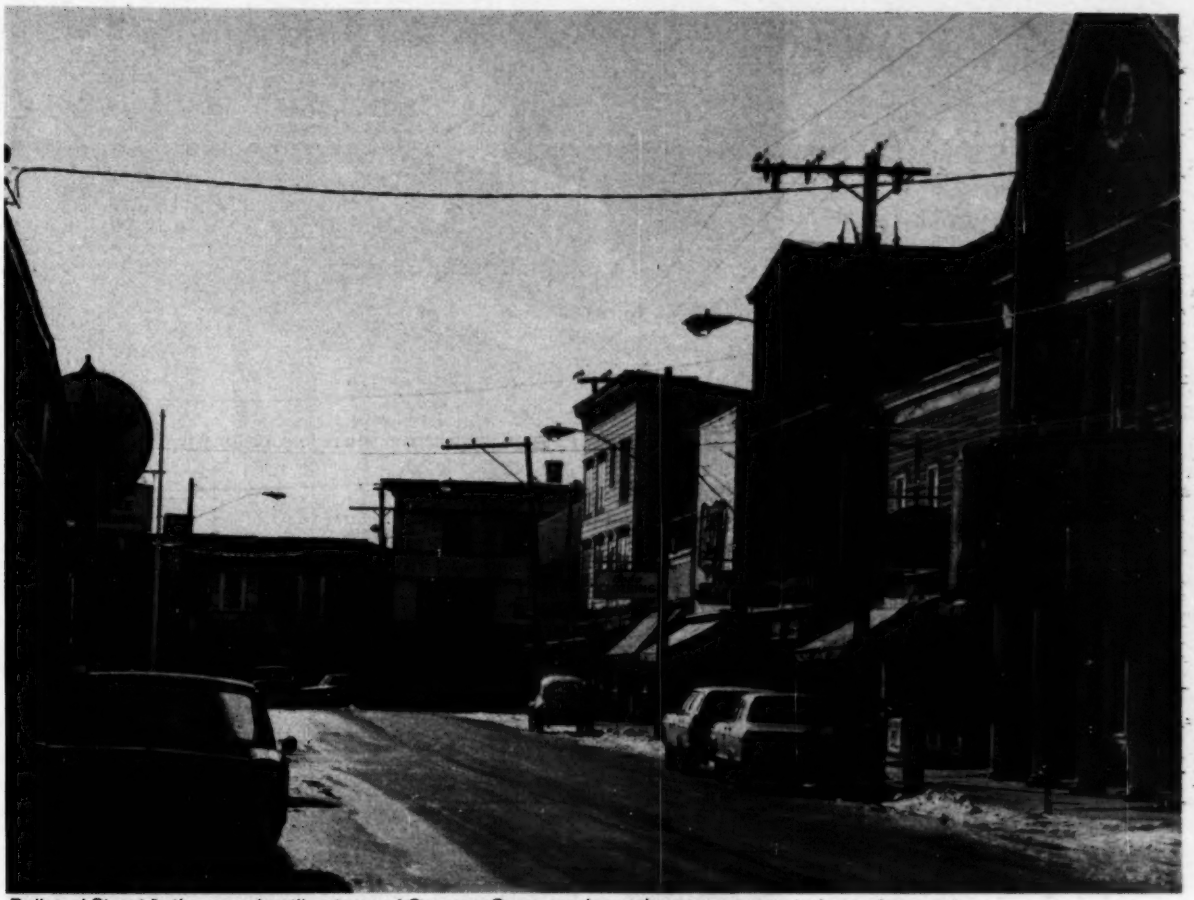
(He tells about Geoffrey arriving first, before his parents in the ambulance. Both boys went into the house.)

K: What was his reaction?

P: He said, "It looks as though somebody raped her." Maybe I said it. But I think he said it. The troopers came in, and the ambulance was right behind them.

K: What do you think happened?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BARTHEL



Railroad Street in the once bustling town of Canaan, Conn., a place where passenger trains no longer stop.

P: I really don't know. My mom used to get very depressed. She talked about suicide but that she didn't have the guts to go through with it.

K: Any idea how this happened?

P: I don't know. I can't understand it.

K: Do you have any idea who could have hurt your mother like that?

(Peter mentions two men his mother knew, including one who had lived at the house for a while but who hadn't been around for quite some time.)

K: And you never touched your mother?

P: I never touched her. I know it's kind of odd that I didn't, but I didn't. There was a lot of blood, and that's what scared me.

K: If I ask you this question on the polygraph—do you know for sure who hurt your mother—what would you answer?

P: No.

K: Last night, do you know for sure who hurt your Mom?

P: No.

K: Last night, did *you* hurt your Mom?

P: No.

On the other side of the tracks in Canaan, out Railroad Street, past the pharmacy and John Bianchi's second-floor law office, a mile from the depot that has been turned into a gift shop because the passenger train doesn't stop there any more, the Connecticut State Police Barracks, Troop B, squats squarely, dark-red, uninviting. Peter went there willingly the night of his mother's murder, arriving at the barracks, not handcuffed, around 2 a.m. By that time the Snack Shack across the highway was closed, and so was Joe's Restaurant ("Home Style Italian Food") on the opposite corner. Once, though, this part of Connecticut, just under the Massachusetts line, was so bustling that the general store in Falls Village stayed open all night, 30 clerks working three shifts. Settlers, who worked their way up from Stamford in 1740, named the area for the Biblical land of milk and honey; the mountains here were richly laced with charcoal, the valleys echoed to blast furnaces, its limestone and marble quarries swarmed with workers. But the charcoal has been emptied out of the mountains now, the old places turned into prep schools or hideaways for city types. Canaan now produces millions of disposable syringes every week, and another factory makes those little wet packets, Wash 'n Dri.

The town of Litchfield, where Peter sits awaiting trial, is only 22 miles from Canaan, but in style and attitude, illusions and conclusions, it could be 22,000 miles. Litchfield has an ancient cannon on its village green and the first law school in America; Canaan has a dark green armored tank in front of the VFW, along with Kiwanis and Mencuccini's and Babe Donati's market. Litchfield's sense of history is considered somewhat suffocating by Canaanites, even though they hanged Jeff Davis in effigy, derisively dressed in petticoats, from the flagpole on Town Hall Hill. Civil War graves dot the old cemetery on Sand Road where Barbara Gibbons was buried a month after her death, without official announcement, thus without mourners or blessing or even sightseers, not even hired gravediggers (they used a backhoe instead, a tractor with a scoop to dig out the dirt). Mr. Pond from the funeral home said a few words. A week later, though, Jean Beligni rounded up enough people for a decent memorial service at the grave site, a small mound huddled up against a

stone building where they store the winter bodies that can't be buried till spring thaw. Barbara wasn't a Catholic, but Father Paul said a prayer. Peter was a prisoner by that time, but the guard with him kept his coat over the arm that was handcuffed to Peter's, and afterward Jean Beligni wrote the warden at Litchfield jail a note, thanking Officer Murphy for being so nice.

K: Now, she had two broken legs, right?

P: She *did*? I didn't know her legs were broken.

K: Right above the knees, both legs were broken. I broke mine in high school, playing football, but that's a little different situation, you know.

P: Could she have fallen out of the top bunk? But I still don't think she'd break both legs. I've fallen out of the bunk and I never got hurt, except bruises.

K: Do you know how your mother's legs were broken?

P: No.

K: The only way you would know would be if you were there and saw this happen.

P: Right.

K: You said before, Pete, you didn't talk to your mother last night. If I ask you on the polygraph—did you talk to your mother last night when you came home—what would you say?

P: No.

K: Whoever did this, there's no doubt, deliberately hurt your mother. Did you ever deliberately hurt someone in your life?

P: No. We had arguments. We'd swear up and down at one another . . .

K: Well, I argue with my mother. I think everybody gets into arguments.

P: Does that (machine) actually read my brain?

K: Oh, definitely.

P: Will this stand up to protect me?

K: Last year I tested a colored boy here, 21 years old. He sat right where you're sitting now. Four other colored people picked him out of a lineup of 12 men. They all said he was the man they saw with the gun. Sat right where you're sitting now and took the test. The report said, you got the wrong man. Two months later I tested the man who did commit the crime. Sat right where you're sitting now. Now, if you committed this thing, if you hurt your mother last night . . .

P: I didn't.

K: You've never done anything that you're really ashamed of in your life, have you?

P: Yes. (He explains that he was once approached by a homosexual, though nothing actually happened.)

Officer Kelly: "I've had people here who knew they were guilty but they didn't know how to tell somebody. . . ."

K: No problem. I think everybody in his lifetime is approached at least one time by a homosexual. Besides that, anything else you're really ashamed of?

P: No.

K: If you're lying to me about last night, you know, it would be a damn shame. It would be a shameful thing, wouldn't it?

P: It would be ridiculous for me to come and volunteer for this test.

K: I've had people here who have committed serious crimes, and I've tested them. I've had people here who did things and just couldn't help themselves. I've done this work for 12 years, all right? I've had people here who knew they were guilty but they didn't know how to tell somebody. They want to get help. Maybe you're looking for somebody.

P: What do you mean?

K: Say you did this thing. I don't know. Maybe you want the polygraph to help. I don't know.

P: If I had any doubts, I'd try to help myself. I'd see a doctor.

K: A lot of times people don't know they need help. It's amazing but true. (He then talks about the machine. He says it costs $2,000, the best one made. He'll ask Peter the same questions several times and then compare answers.)

P: I just want to know how it works.

K: It works on your heart. That's your conscience, right? All we're trying to do is arrive at the truth. And the truth will be on that tape. The test is about to begin: You were born in the United States?

P: Yes.

K: Right now do you live in Connecticut?

P: Yes.

K: Last night do you know for sure how your mother got hurt?

P: No.

K: Are you wearing a brown shirt?

P: Yes.

K: Last night did you hurt your mother?

P: No.

K: Did you ever deliberately hurt someone in your life?

P: No.

K: Is your first name Peter?

P: Yes.

K: Do you know how your mother's legs were broken?

P: No.

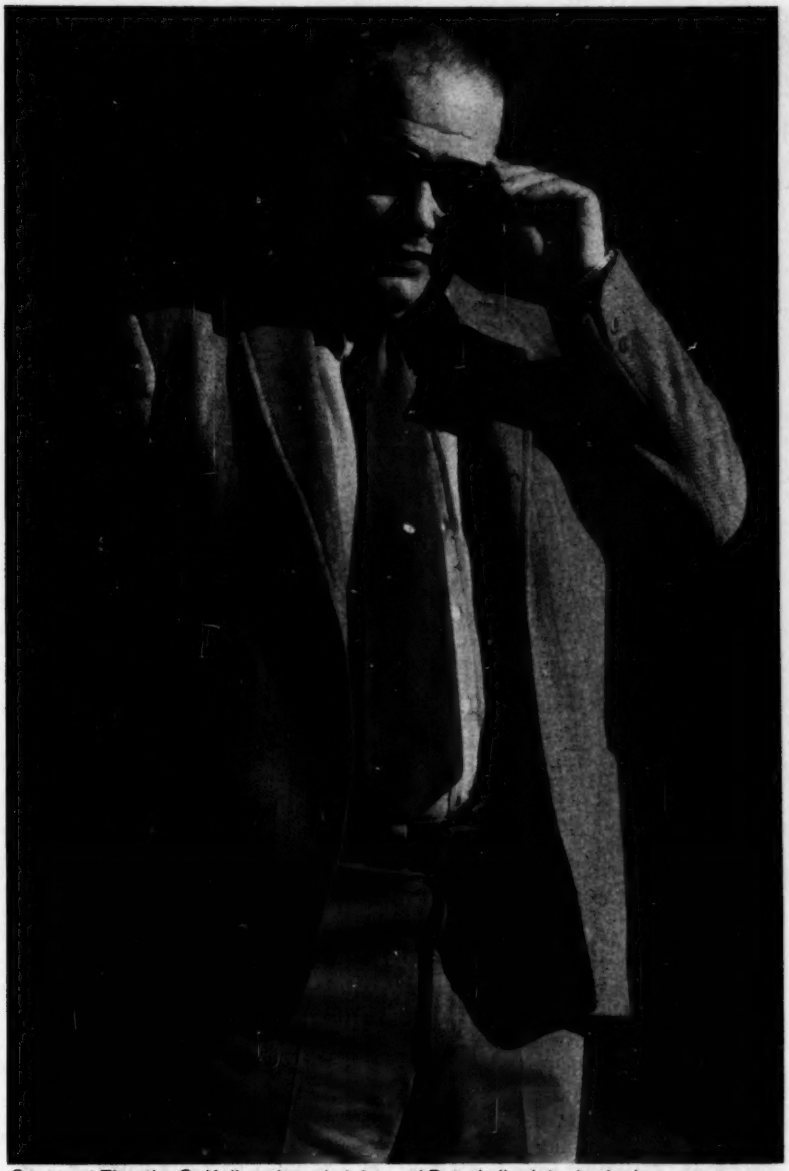
K: Last night did you talk to your mother when you came home?

P: No.

K: Do you know how your mother's clothes got wet?

P: No.

K: Besides what we've talked about, have you done anything else you're ashamed of?



Sergeant Timothy G. Kelly, who administered Peter's lie detector test.

P: No.

K: Is the statement you made to the police the truth?

P: Yes.

(Silence on the tape.)

P: How'd I do?

K: You're very cooperative, let me put it that way.

P: What do you mean?

K: Well, that was just a warm-up, to show you you're not going to get electrocuted.

P: How does it look?

K: What do you mean?

P: Does it look like I was lying to you?

K: That wouldn't be fair for me to say. You're nervous. Did any of these questions bother you?

P: I've been thinking and thinking and thinking about it.

K: Looking at you, Peter, you don't look like a violent person to me at all.

P: I'm not.

K: If you did it, you lost your head. Who knows why? Maybe no one. Maybe you and your mother had an argument and one thing led to another and she attacked you. I don't know. It could have been an accident, right?

P: Right.

K: I want you to review for me those questions. I want to make sure you're paying attention.

P: You asked me what color my shirt was. You asked me if I harmed my mother. You asked me if I had anything to be embarrassed about or ashamed of. You asked me, let's see, I haven't been to bed in almost 30 hours. I can't remember anything else.

K: Didn't you get any sleep this morning?

P: Maybe I got more than I realized. It could have been four or five or six hours.

(Kelly leaves. Another policeman comes in and gives Peter a card test in which Peter is asked to deliberately lie. The officer spots the lie readily and calls Peter "a textbook reactor. You're such a good reactor I started to laugh." He leaves. Alone in the room, Peter coughs loudly. Kelly returns.)

P: I'm a textbook reactor.

K: Very, very good. We'll have no problems. Now, we'll go through these questions a couple of times and we'll have the answers, okay?

P: Right.

(Kelly repeats the same set of questions. Peter's answers are the same. When the questions are finished, Kelly is silent.)

P: I'm not lying to you, am I?

K: I want to make one more check. I think I have the answer, but I want to make absolutely sure. Keep looking straight ahead. I'm going to repeat some questions more than once this time, Pete. This is the testing procedure.

(Kelly repeats the test, asking some questions more than once. Peter's answers are the same. Then Kelly adds two new questions.)

K: Do you have a clear recollection of what happened last night?

P: Yes.

K: Is there any doubt in your mind, Pete?

(A pause on the tape.)

P: I don't understand that last question.

K: I think we've got a little problem here, Peter.

P: I wasn't sure if you were asking if I remembered what happened or if I knew who did it.

K: I was just trying to probe your

subconscious. I think we've got a little problem here.

The mystery and the rumors began when Barbara's parents, Hilda and Louie, moved to Falls Village, and they never stopped. They say Hilda and Louie and Barbara were heavy drinkers; they say Hilda, who was bossy and hard to live with, threw Barbara and Peter out when he was very small. Barbara worked for a while in a real estate office, leaving Peter in the day care of Priscilla Belcher, who is now on the committee to raise his bail. ("He doesn't have a mean bone in his body," Mrs. Belcher says now.) Then Barbara was abruptly fired. There is talk of lesbianism, bisexual affairs, blackmail; but no one can say exactly why Barbara then went on welfare, for she was bright and well-educated, interested in photography, reading and writing. (Peter bought her a typewriter for Christmas two years ago.) Money and other gifts came from a woman in New York whom Peter calls his godmother, Auntie B.

After Barbara's father, Louie Gibbons, who had been an exporter in New York and ended up night clerking at a country inn, wrapped his car around a tree one rainy night, Hilda Gibbons moved to Florida, where she died. One of Hilda's sisters, aged 80 and ailing, was apparently the first relative the police called after Barbara's death, using an address book they found in the house. Besides this great-aunt and his mysterious Auntie B, Peter has only two relatives, both second cousins, a woman in New Jersey who last saw him seven years ago and one in upstate New York who never knew him at all, although she and her husband came over to be with him at his arraignment the Monday after the murder and said they'd back him all the way.

It was a hectic, bitter weekend. "The police in Canaan called me Saturday afternoon and said Barbara had been murdered," says the New Jersey cousin. "I said, 'Give me a minute to calm down,' and while I was calming down, I thought, 'The boy!' So I said to them, 'What about the boy?' And the police said, 'He's not here.' Later in the afternoon, when my husband came home, we called the police back, and later, after that, when we said, 'Where is the boy? Where has he gone?' they said, 'We don't know.' Then my sister in New York called; they told her they didn't know where he was. About the third time I called the barracks, I said, 'But where could he have gone? Doesn't anybody care?' And they said—they actually said—'No, nobody cares.' "

> Kelly: "I think you got a problem. . . . We go strictly by the charts. These charts say you hurt your mother"

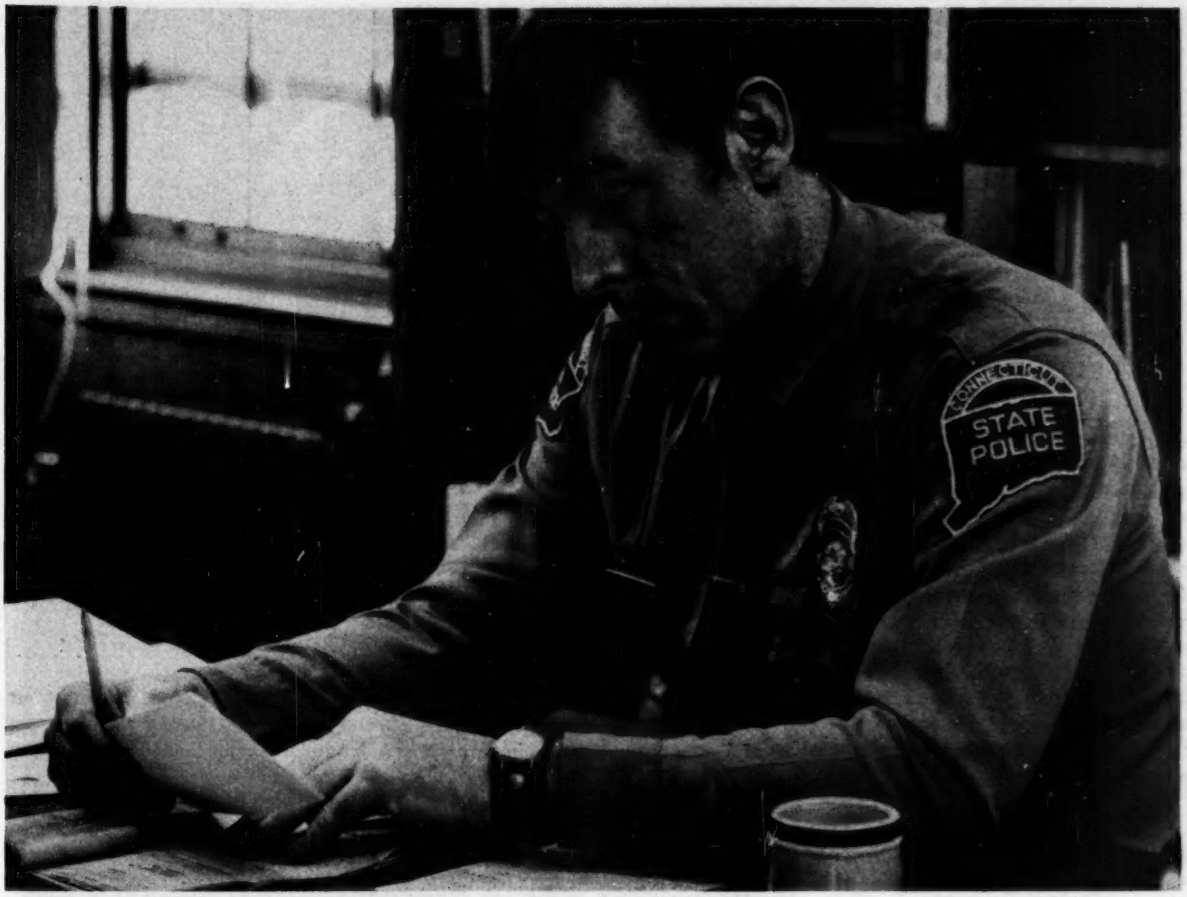
Meantime, the Madows had been up all Friday night waiting for him to come home. Peter went away in a police cruiser just before 2 a.m., driven to the barracks by a police sergeant who looks like a young John Garfield and must have had some hard moments about his name, Percy Salley. Mickey Madow reacts somewhat defensively now when asked why he didn't go with Peter to the barracks. "There was no worry on my part. The troopers told me, 'You might as well go home.' At three o'clock they called us and said, 'We'll need you to come down and make a statement tomorrow.' I said, 'Look, we're up now, we'll come down now.' They said, 'No, see you tomorrow.' "

According to the police report, Barbara had made a phone call at 9:25 p.m. Friday. When Peter left the teen center, he drove a boy home, who has told people it was 9:45 when he got inside. Peter drove eight miles home alone, doing 40, he says, all the way. The state police got the alarm at 9:58. Within minutes the tiny house on the highway was swarming with police, friends, neighbors, the concerned and the curious. The first trooper on the scene, Bruce McCafferty, young, curly-haired, too inexperienced to look comfortable on the witness stand, testified that he was traveling Route 44 in Canaan when he got the radio call that "Mrs. Gibbons was having a problem breathing." When he saw Barbara Gibbons on the floor and felt her pulse, he went back out to his car and called his supervisor. He went back in, looked at Barbara again, went back to his car and radioed again. He said he thought it was a homicide.

Sergeant Salley said he'd arrived at 10:09. Peter sat in a police cruiser and read his constitutional rights on a card they handed him. He sat in the car about three and a half hours, except during the time they took him into a neighbor's kitchen and stripped him. The commander of the barracks, Lieutenant James Shay, who Peter says "looks like Dick Tracy," had arrived in plain clothes. Shay testified he found nothing on the boy.

In a room that used to be the barracks kitchen, Sergeant Salley talked with Peter until dawn. Peter didn't sleep then, although he put his head down on the table. The lieutenant reappeared at 6 a.m. and took Peter upstairs, where Peter signed a waiver of rights. They talked together for an hour, a conversation recorded by way of a tape machine in another room. (There was a microphone in the interrogation room itself, but the lieutenant said he didn't know just where.) Around 8 a.m. they put Peter in a bedroom, the door open, a guard ouside, and told him to get some sleep. At noon they got him up and took him to Hartford. They all say Peter never shed a tear.

K: From what I see in here, I think you got doubts.



Lieutenant James Shay, who, Peter says, "looks like Dick Tracy."

P: I got doubts that I don't understand what happened.

K: You're not sure, are you?

P: What do you mean?

K: You're not sure about who hurt your mother last night?

P: I'm not sure. It scares me a little bit, you know what I mean?

K: I think you need a little help. If you and I talk this out . . .

P: With the polygraph or without it?

K: Without it. Just man to man. You tell me what happened.

P: I drove home about 40 (mph), and I distinctly remember that because there was a car in front of me I thought was a cruiser. I walked in the front door. I yelled, "Mom, I'm home." There was no answer. I did a double take. I saw her on the floor . . . my first reaction was like, oh my God.

K: What I'm talking about, Pete, is, do you have any recollection as to how she got hurt?

P: No, I absolutely do not.

K: Are there any blank areas?

P: No.

K: You were there, Peter. I see things here that I don't like. On the question about hurting your mother, you gave me quite a reaction to that. If something happened, let's get it ironed out so we can get you some help.

P: I don't understand you.

K: I think you hit your mother.

P: I don't.

K: Then why the reaction?

P: I don't know. Maybe it's just nervousness. I mean, my mom *did* die.

K: You said you're not sure if you hurt your mother last night.

P: But if I had a lapse of memory I wouldn't remember. What I say I did I'm absolutely sure of. If I had a lapse of memory—that's what I'm not sure of.

K: Do you think you had a lapse of memory?

P: No. How about the first test?

K: You gave me a reaction. Your heartbeat changes. On the question about hurting your mother. On the next test. And a *great* amount here the last time.

P: That was the question I said I did not understand.

K: Is there any possibility you're covering up for somebody?

P: No. Absolutely not.

K: The polygraph can never be wrong, because it's reacting to you. It's the person interpreting it who could be wrong.

P: The thing is, when you ask me, do I know who hurt my mother? And I can't honestly say no. My body responds in a certain way.

K: That's why I ask you, could there be any doubt in your mind?

P: The test is giving me doubt right now. Disregarding the test, I still don't think I hurt my mother.

K: But you still have doubt?

P: Yes. I've been drilled and drilled and drilled. I'm getting tired. They told me that because of the fact that I could have forgotten . . . that really shook me. Could I bum a cigarette off ya?

K: In about two minutes, okay? We're going to get you out of here.

P: Are you going to take me back to the barracks? I've got two families, the Madows . . .

K: Pete, I think you got a problem. I really do. We go strictly by the charts. These charts say you hurt your mother.

P: The thing is, I don't remember it.

K: The charts don't say that.

(Apparently he shows Peter the

chart.)

P: Would that show you what I'm actually thinking right now?

K: That shows me from your heart that you hurt your mother last night. How, I don't know.

P: I don't know either.

K: You're not sure, are you? Let's go over this thing again and see what we can salvage out of this mess. You don't look like a violent person. Now, have you ever hit your mother in the past?

(Peter says he threw a flashlight at her three months ago, then apologized.)

K: The last time you hit your mother you hit her lightly. This time when you lost your temper it wasn't just a little bit. She is now dead. Maybe you're so ashamed of this thing.

P: I wouldn't mind so much if they could prove I did it. But there's a doubt in my mind. I know consciously I didn't do it. Subconsciously, I don't know.

K: I think you're trying to eradicate it and not let your conscience say you did it.

P: Could it have been someone else?

K: No way. From these three answers.

P: I was so sure I didn't do it, you know what I mean? I want to go back to school, you know what I mean?

K: This isn't the end of the world, you know. As long as you don't get it straightened out in your mind you'll never have a day of peace.

P: I gotta get it straightened out right now.

K: Right. There's no doubt in my mind from these charts that you did it. But why and how?

P: That's what I don't know. If I did it, I don't remember it. What I told you is just exactly how I remember it. Is there any way they can kind of pound it out of me? To find out if I did it? I mean, dig deeper into me?

K: This is what we're trying to do here. I think you're so ashamed of last night that you're just trying to block it out of your mind. You keep denying it and denying it and denying it.

P: I'm not purposely. If I did it, I wish I knew that I'd done it. But I don't remember.

K: How are we going to solve this?

P: I don't know. (Pause.) The thing is, I don't want to go into a mental hospital. I don't want to leave the people I know. I don't want to leave the band.

K: Is that what's worrying you, Peter? That you'll have to go into a mental hospital?

P: Can you fire this thing up and ask me again?

K: No. I have enough now. I think our problem is that you don't want to remember.

> Peter: "Is there any way they can pound it out of me? To find out if I did it? I mean, dig deeper into me?"

P: I can't understand it. If it meant bringing my mother back right now, I don't remember it.

K: So how do you think we're going to resolve this, Pete? Do you want me to start yelling at you?

P: I'll be happy to come back any time you want me to. If you want me to see a psychiatrist . . .

K: What would you say to a psychiatrist?

P: I don't know. I think he'd keep asking me little things and keep probing until, if I did it, it would come out of me.

K: It's almost in the open right now. I think you almost remember. Sit there and close your eyes and just relate your story.

P: I drive in the yard, I put the car in gear, locked it up. I went in and yelled, "Mom, I'm home." I looked up at the bed.

K: Was the bed messed up?

P: There was a sleeping bag on top of the blanket. The bed lamp was on. I thought I saw her, you know what I mean? Then I did a double take.

K: See what I mean?

P: That's what could mess me up.

K: You probably did see your mother there, and the next thing, you see your mother on the floor. This is our grey area.

P: But I still don't remember.

K: Does she normally go to bed so early?

P: As soon as the news is over. And she'd go to bed and read. Usually when she went to bed she wore all her clothes. It wasn't all that fancy as far as cleanliness went.

K: Maybe this is the problem. Your friends' houses are nice and clean. You come home to a dirty house.

P: That doesn't bother me that much. Why don't I remember?

K: You're so goddamned ashamed of it, you're afraid to come out with it.

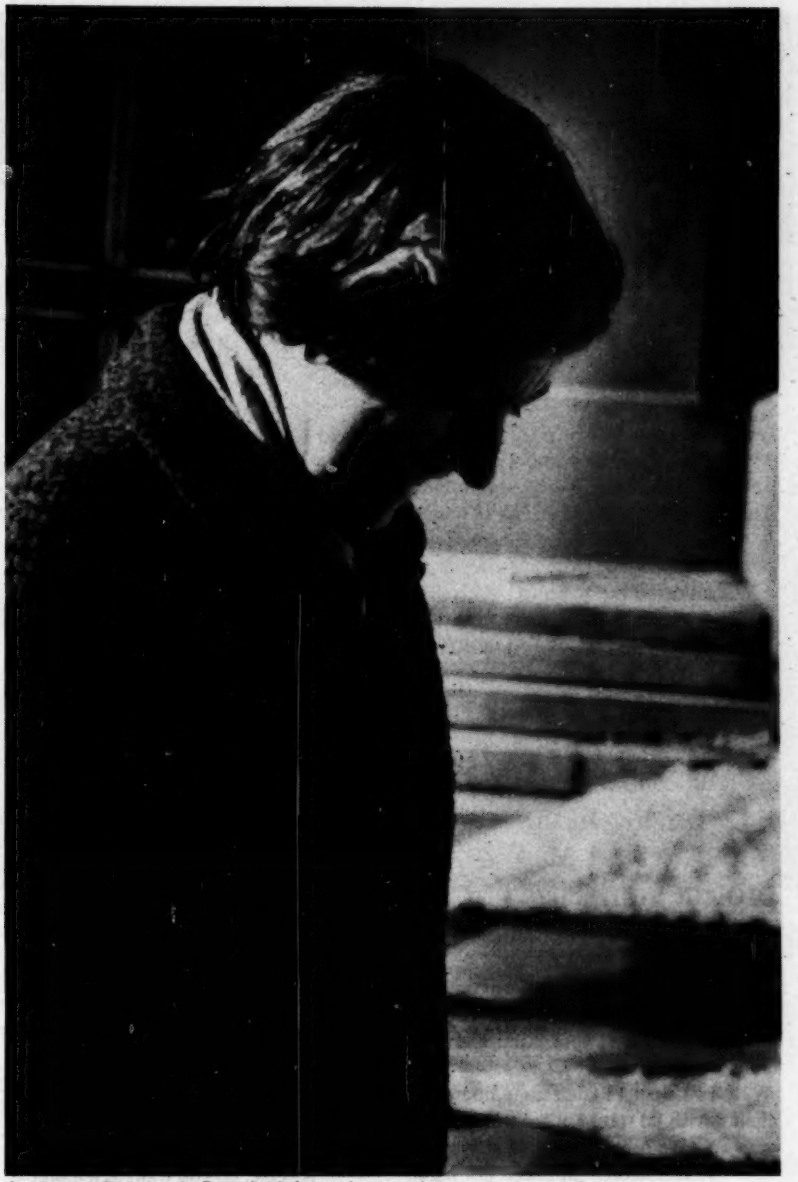
P: Do you think I'm lying to you?

K: Yeah, I do.

P: When I fell asleep this morning I dreamed something. When I was at home I'd dream. I dreamed I hadn't gone to the teen center and I stayed home to protect her. I'm more than willing to take another test. If I did it, I want to know I did it.

K: I think you know now. I think you're afraid we're going to lock you up and throw away the key. You're a decent-looking guy. You're not a criminal. You did a crazy thing. I've done crazy things in my life. I'm not going to sit here and tell you I'm an angel. The people in the area think you're a decent guy. This is our problem. You're such a decent guy, and this is such a shameful thing. What your friends would think of you.

P: Well, that does bother me.



Catherine Roraback, Peter's defense lawyer, known for her civil-liberties cases.

Could it be that I've totally put it out of my mind?

P: Would truth serum help?

K: This is better. I think right now, Pete, you're ashamed, and you're afraid you'd go into a mental hospital. I've known people who have gone into a mental hospital. It's just like going to school. We had a girl here one time, I still get Christmas cards from her. She was 18 then. She's 25 now. She finally admitted. . . . She was in a mental hospital for three and a half months, discovered what her problem was, and she got out. Now she's married, with a family, and we still get Christmas cards from her. She signs her Christmas cards and underneath she writes, "Thanks." Okay? We know what she means.

P: Did she realize she was doing it?

K: Yes. But she came in saying what you're saying now. We got her help, and she's a normal person today. It's as simple as that.

P: I *want* to tell you I did it now. But I'm still not sure I *did* do it.

K: Look, you're afraid. Nobody's going to hate you. Three months out of your life . . . that's not a very long time. It's not the end of the world.

P: It seems as though it is, though. She's gone.

The second-floor courtroom at the Litchfield courthouse is painted an uneasy green, with hard wooden chairs for the public, cushions on the jurors' chairs and the thickest cushion of all for the court stenographer. There are no jurors at this pre-trial hearing, though. Just a few visitors and reporters and the courtroom staff. Peter's New Jersey cousin has driven up with her teenage son, a four and a half hour trip. Peter himself, handcuffed to a tall, mustached guard, arrives early, a two-minute walk from the jail across Litchfield's tidy green. Peter's hair is long and shaggy, his face thin; he wears jeans and a raspberry-colored knit shirt that clings so tightly you can count his ribs. I recall someone saying, "He's put on 15 pounds since he's been in jail, all those potatoes," and I wonder what on earth he looked like before.

Peter sits at the rectangular table in the center of the room between his attorney, Catherine Roraback, and her associate, Peter Herbst. She is known for her civil-liberties cases, and I'd had a prior, old-movie vision of a tall, thin, formidable type, hair in a topknot, hornrims, tailored suit—some swooping, darting Katherine Hepburn. But although Catherine Roraback is sometimes called "Katie" and wears glasses and surely can be formidable, she looks like somebody's next-door neighbor: short, stocky, black hair chopped short, vivid in striped jersey blouse and swinging salmon-colored skirt. She neither swoops nor darts, but leans against the jury rail, casually dangles black-rimmed glasses in her hand, nibbles thoughtfully at the frame handles, gazes with great interest at the ceiling, then lets her gaze flick quickly back to the stand and aims a question. She is filing her motions on various constitutional grounds, including illegal search and seizure of property, and lack of probable cause for believing the existence of the grounds on which the warrant was issued. She has challenged the grand jury that indicted Peter on the grounds that there were not enough single jurors, not enough females, not enough people under 29. She wants to suppress as evidence statements taken from him, "oral, written or recorded," on the grounds that the statements were "in-

voluntary, coerced." She has asked that the tapes be played in order to show the pattern of the questioning, and it is the tapes that create the drama here. Sergeant Kelly sits on the witness stand throughout the day; he is calm, with a grey, bristling crewcut, eyes bright behind horn-rims. He replies, to Miss Roraback's question, that he's 6 feet, about 220 pounds. And the tapes play on, hypnotic, unreal, creating an exclusive two-man world in which Barbara Gibbons herself somehow becomes a peripheral figure. I am poignantly reminded of what Mickey Madow—when asked if the various families had been friends with Barbara—said: "Let's put it this way. When this happened, nobody said, 'Poor Barbara.' Everybody said, 'Poor Peter.' "

K: There's nothing we can do about your mother now, right? You're only 18, right? You got a long way to go in the world. We can concentrate on *you*, get *you* straightened out, so this thing that happened here will disappear. But if you don't talk about it it's not going to disappear and you're going to keep sliding down into a deeper hole. Right now you're at the point of this hole. You haven't dropped in yet.

P: I've sometimes wondered if I'm mentally right.

K: I think you're messed up.

P: I *know* I'm messed up now.

K: You're a little mixed up upstairs. I'm not saying you're nuts. Don't get me wrong. You're confused. Maybe your mother said to you, you son of a bitch, where ya been all night? I don't know.

P: A lot of times I came home late. She was always calling up after me.

K: This could be the whole thing, right there. Eighteen, you're a man according to the law. You're a free man. You can vote, you can drink, you can do anything you want.

P: Actually, I think my mother could have used help herself. There's a record in my family of mental hospitals. My mom had an aunt who hung herself. My grandfather had a drinking problem. That's why I don't like to drink so much.

K: Is this what happened: you come home, your mother flew off the handle and you had to protect yourself?

P: I still can't remember. And I want to.

Kelly: "Is this what happened: you came home, your mother flew off the handle, and you had to protect yourself?"

K: She could have went at you. And you had to protect yourself. You lost complete control of your mind and your body.

P: I wish I hadn't gone home last night. I wish I'd stayed at the teen center.

K: We can't change that.

P: If it hadn't happened last night, do you think it would have happened some other time?

K: Possibly. We have to think of the future. You could screw up your career as a musician. Once you solve the problem, you got it straightened out and it's over with.

P: Could I make an appointment with a psychiatrist?

K: I'll arrange it for you. But first of all, we gotta know . . . do we have a cold-blooded killer sitting here or do we have a guy with a problem that needs to be straightened out?

P: You don't have a cold-blooded killer sitting here.

K: Pete, I know people, and you certainly aren't a killer, all right? We gotta find out what it is. We have to get it out in the open.

P: The only answer I can think of would be from another night when she might give me hell. "You're late. Why are you late?" Something like that.

K: Was she mad at you last night? She flew off the handle at you?

P: I can't think of any reason.

K: Why don't I let you sit here a couple of minutes and meditate by yourself.

P: I'm so damned exhausted.

K: Yeah. But I think it's all coming out now. I might be confusing you. I'm just gonna walk out now. You just meditate there.

P: I'm just gonna fall asleep.

K: No you won't. I bet you won't fall asleep.

(Kelly leaves. "OOOHHH!" Peter says loudly, on tape. Kelly returns.)

K: I just called the investigators up in Canaan and from what I'm learning now I think I have a reason why it happened. They've talked to your friends. Every one of them said that your mother was always on your back. Last night you came in the house, she started buggin' you again. Am I right?

(Silence.)

K: Pete, do you want to tell me?

P: I don't remember doing the things that happened. I believe I did it, now.

K: I know that you know that you did it. But I feel you're afraid to come out and say it. I have no reason to hurt you, but I have reason to help you. I get more pleasure out of helping somebody. I want you to know that. I think you want to tell me but you're ashamed to tell me.

P: But do I realize I'm ashamed?

K: Yes you do. You tried to wash your mother off. That's why her clothes were all wet. You were ashamed.

P: I don't remember that, though. Can you give me any more information about what they found up there?

K: No. I told you what they learned. They learned your mother was constantly on your back, constantly nagging you, constantly after you. Last night

Among those at a meeting to raise bond money for Peter are classmates of his from Housatonic Valley Regional High School: (left to right) Richard Beligni, Edward Dickinson, Paul Beligni.

you came home—you're a man—and she started nagging and bitching and moaning, and you lost control.

P: It seems like that's what would have happened. But I don't remember it happening.

K: Peter, you still don't trust me.

P: I do trust you.

K: If you trust me, tell me how you did it. I can understand you doing something like this, if she was constantly on ya. This could happen to anybody. This is just like a prisoner being tortured. The prisoners of war. These are whole Americans. They beat them down and beat them down and they finally say anything they want to hear. And they give out secrets. But they're still good Americans. It's the same situation here. Your mother kept nagging and nagging and finally you lost your self-control. Like a prisoner being tortured. You follow me?

(Peter yawns heavily on the tape.)

K: A prisoner being tortured. You were captured by your mother. She wouldn't liberate you. She treated you like a little kid. But you're a grown man. A prisoner of war being tortured, finally he gives them the information. Usually when they give this information they can't help themselves. They've lost all control. You've been nagged so badly—this is what happened, I'm pretty sure. Am I right, Pete?

P: You're right. Something's coming.

(Silence on the tape.)

K: Come on, Pete. Tell me.

(Still silence on the tape.)

K: I told you the truth. Now I want to hear the truth from you.

P: There was a straight razor in the house. It's not that I had it. There was a straight razor in the house and when I looked for it, it was gone. Why would that come up?

K: Did she hit you first or did you hit her first? I think she hit you first. Am I right?

P: I don't think she hit me, though. I don't think I have the power to break someone's legs.

K: When you're in a state like this . . .

P: The adrenalin?

K: Yeah, the adrenalin. You become twice, three times your normal strength.

(Peter asks for water or a Coke.)

K: I'll get you a Coke, okay?

P: Do you think I could have anything to eat?

K: There's nothing to eat here. I'm getting a little hungry myself. But I think we should iron this thing out before we leave. You wouldn't be able to eat with this thing prying on your mind, you know what I mean?

(Sound of tab soft drink can opening.)

K: Once we get this out you're going to eat like you've never eaten before. You tell me how you think it happened.

P: I could have got mad on the way home, maybe. I confronted her, and from there I blacked out. But whatever it is, it's got to do with her being in bed. There was a candy-apple wrapper in the bedroom, near the wall, and a bicycle. The way to get it in and out was through the back door. And they said the back door was open.

K: Were you going for a bike ride?

P: Not this kid. I haven't been on a bicycle since I got my license. I'm so tired.

K: Once you get this out you'll be able to sleep for a week. Because your conscience will be free.

P: When I get this out will I be totally cured? I feel so free now. I feel like things that have been locked up . . .

K: Right. Because you don't have any more nagging, that's why.

P: But the thing that bothers me . . .

K: You're free now.

P: But the first thing I thought of, when I woke up, was that they were really giving me a rough time and I had to call my mom to help, because if I ever got in trouble, she'd be right there.

(Silence on the tape.)

P: You know what I mean?

"How much have we got now?" Mickey Madow asked. Bea Keith, treasurer of the Peter Reilly Bond Fund, looked at her notes. "There's $4,458.75 cash in the bail fund," she said. "That money is returnable at the end of the trial. In the defense fund, $1,388.70."

"What about Auntie B ?" Jean Beligni demanded. "This is a wealthy woman. How can we get her to help? She won't even come up to see Peter, and he keeps asking for her."

"Should we go down to see her? Confront her in person?" Mickey Madow wondered. Someone said, "She has a brother who's a lawyer. He's told her not to get involved."

Mickey Madow looked uncertain. He was the chairman of this fund-raising meeting, although Jean Beligni talked more. Until Barbara died the Madows and the Belignis had never met, although all their sons knew Peter and Barbara well. Jean Beligni belongs to Canaan's Italian Catholic, middle-class majority, while Mickey Madow counts only four Jewish families in town, including his own and his brother's next door. Jean is emphatic, emotional; Marion Madow is still New York around the edges, less emotional, although she bristled when Lieutenant Shay told the Lakeville *Journal* that people in such a small town weren't used to a major investigation. "He made us sound like a bunch of hicks," Marion said indignantly. Though most of the committee members knew Peter, a few people who didn't, including Mrs. Keith and Beverly King, have joined because of a general concern for civil rights. Indeed, so many people showed up at Peter's bond hearing that there was standing room only, and after some of Peter's teachers and the high school principal testified on his behalf, the judge reduced the bond from $100,000 to $50,000.

"If Peter gets out on bond, then panics and runs, what happens?" someone asked now. "If you've put up his bond, they can force you to sell your house, or they can foreclose a second mortgage," someone said. People looked uneasy. "This boy won't run," Jean Beligni said swiftly.

"I asked him why he signed," said Jean Beligni. "And he told me, 'I got so tired, and it got so confusing'"

"Can't we get 50 people to pledge a thousand dollars each?" Mrs. Belcher asked. Someone amended it. "Or a thousand people to give $50 each? They'd get it back at the end of the trial."

"Someone said to me, 'I think he's innocent. But if he did it, I can understand him doing it,'" Bea Keith said. Priscilla Belcher nodded. "People who knew Barbara for 10 or 15 years know she was a pain in the ass." There was talk of baking brownies for the high school dance, maybe a gigantic tag sale. Mrs. King passed around a "Dear Neighbor" letter to be sent to everyone in the phone book (". . . in the name of justice and on behalf of young people all over, we ask for your help in freeing Peter. Please send your contributions to the Canaan Savings Bank, Canaan, Conn. 06018").

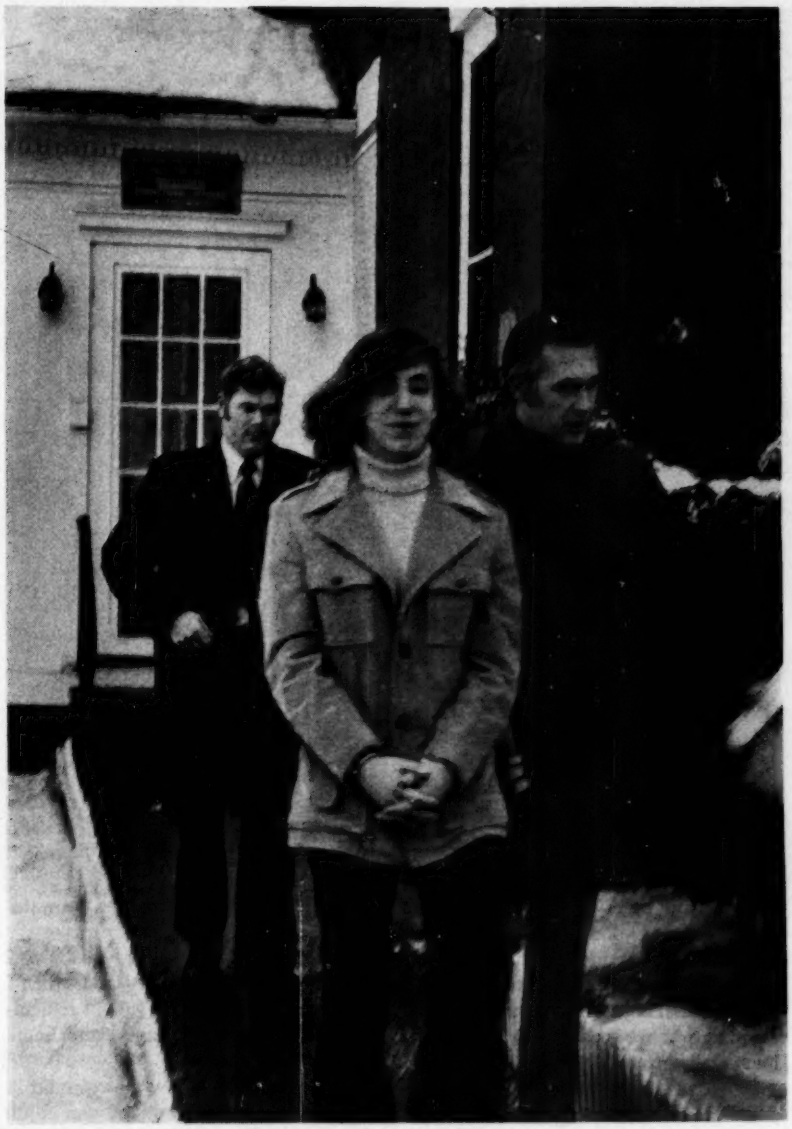
Marie Dickinson reported $30 in the container at Falls Village Market. "I tried to put a container at Leader's, but they said no," Mrs. Beligni said. "I bought Peter's radio there, so I guess my money isn't controversial. I'm not shopping there anymore." Bill Dickinson talked of boycotts. "You'd be surprised what people can do to you if you have a store and a customer thinks Peter's guilty."

"We're not asking people to decide if he's innocent or guilty," Mrs. Madow said. "It's the treatment he got." There was general agreement. "We were like a bunch of stupid lambs," Jean Beligni said bitterly, and the weekly meeting of the Peter Reilly Bond Fund ended, as it usually did, in an anguished rehash of that weekend. "It's incredible," somebody said. "How he could have had time to call, change his clothes, get rid of the bloody clothes, the weapon, turn the 'vette around."

"The back door was open," Geoff Madow recalled. "And it was never open. It had five or six locks. That door was *locked*."

"I asked him why he signed," Jean Beligni said, "and he told me, 'I got so tired, and it got so confusing.' He said they told him he needed psychiatric care. The thing about Peter, he's 18 and legally a man, but he's still oriented as a child, oriented to school, taking orders." Geoff Madow, too, was stripped and searched in a police van that night, without his parents' knowledge. Peter's predicament and their own children's vulnerability have brought these people face on with the law in a poignant way. "Tell your children," Jean said emphatically, "read 'You and the Law.'"

"If only one of us had gone down to the barracks with him," somebody said, sounding hopeless. Jean Beligni told again of Peter's phoning her Sunday



Peter leaves Litchfield Jail for a court procedure in Hartford, escorted by two State Troopers, including James Mulhern on the left.

night, the first call he'd made in 48 hours, she says. Marion Madow repeated how she had gone down to the barracks Saturday morning and been told, "He's sleeping." When her husband went back later he was told Peter was in Hartford. Madow recalls asking Sergeant Salley, "Does Peter need a lawyer?" and being told "No, not at this point." This was at six o'clock, just about the time the lie test was coming to an end.

P: I believe I did it.

K: I *know* you did it.

P: I wanted to take that test because I believed I didn't do it.

K: No. You want this to come out.

P: I remember talking about her, really bitchy. I remember cigarettes on the table. I picked one up and lit it. But I don't know when it was.

K: When they told me what she did to you, calling your friends up and all this crap, I realized you had a problem. I don't think you're a vicious person.

P: I'm not.

K: Last night the animal instinct took over. And you fought back to protect yourself. But we got to get it out.

P: Maybe I'm imagining it, but it seems to be coming out. Me yelling, "Leave me alone."

K: Now what happened?

P: I don't know.

K: Have you ever had relations with your mother?

P: No. I was asked that yesterday. (Pause.) I remember her having relations with another man, though.

K: We won't go into that.

P: It's got something to do with cars. She harped at me a lot about that model T. Get that junk out of here.

K: So last night was the night. I don't think you planned anything.

P: Oh no.

K: This was no premeditated thing. I think you just had it right up to here. And you snapped. You're not the first guy and you won't be the last guy.

P: The thing I'm worrying about is jail. That's not going to help.

K: Damn right it's not going to help, throwing you in jail. I've said that for many years.

P: The family of the guy who was a drummer in our band . . . I spoke to Mrs. Beligni last week about could I move up there? And she said no, my mom would be calling up constantly. Everybody I know has a really nice home.

K: I think this is what's botherin' you, Pete.

P: Every time I tried to do something for myself, she'd say I was a dope. It was always my fault.

K: There are people like this, Pete.

P: I think about going to these friends of mine, and it's fantastic. I'm like another son. The thing is, now I don't want to go there. I don't have any apron strings.

K: Now you're emancipated. You're a man.

P: I didn't move out because I wanted to go to school. I don't think people had the right to tell me not to move out.

K: We have to know how. Let's get that out. Then we'll get you some nice dinner.

P: I don't remember. But I got the feeling like I was hitting her. But I don't have any marks on me.

K: Not necessary to have marks.

P: Maybe I do. I do have red knuckles. One red knuckle, anyway.

K: Of course, that ring would protect your hand, anyway.

P: I don't think I was responsible for my actions last night.

K: I don't either. I don't think you're a vicious man.

P: I've never been given a second chance at anything.

K: You'll get your second chance. You remember hitting her, right?

P: I don't see why I would have taken her clothes off. It's that little double take, where everything is.

K: How does the straight razor come in?

P: We got it from a barber.

(They talk about using it for Peter's airplane models. Kelly says he builds models, too.)

P: I like to build the fuselage the most. And she'd yell at me for having it out.

K: Peter, you had a real problem with your home life.

P: I did. I hated being home. I'd go home, be there an hour and have to go out. I'd miss my mom, but once I was back, I had to go out.

K: She was really on you, wasn't she?

P: Constantly. Could I have a cigarette?

K: What was she on you for last night, Pete? Huh? What was it all about? That made you go this far and get so upset?

P: I don't know. I may be imagining it, slashing at her throat with a straight razor.

K: How about her legs?

P: I don't know.

K: Did you step on her legs or something? While she was on the floor? And jump up and down?

P: I could have.

K: Can you remember stomping on her?

P: You say it, then I imagine I'm doing it.

K: You're not imagining anything. I think the truth is starting to come out.

P: The thing that bothers me is people saying, he murdered his mother.

K: Murder is premeditated. I don't think this was. You just kept slashing and kicking and hitting, and it was too late. You lost all your composure. I don't think you *murdered* anybody.

Peter: "I don't know. I may be imagining it, slashing at her throat with a straight razor"

P: But other people will look at it that way. You don't know who your friends are until something like this happens. Bill Dickinson's son came up to me in the cruiser and said, "Pete, if there's anything you need, don't hesitate to ask." I was really proud of that.

K: Let's talk turkey. Let's get it out.

P: I think I walked in the door and she said something. I don't know what that something is.

K: Something that set you off, let's put it that way. Where did you get the straight razor?

P: Probably on the kitchen table.

K: So where did you cut her with this razor?

P: The throat is the only thing I can think of.

K: More than once?

P: Once.

K: Any place else?

P: Not that I can think of.

K: How about the water? Did you try to clean her up?

P: Yeah. But wouldn't I have been out of breath if I carried her in?

K: Maybe you did it right there on the floor and tried to clean her up. I don't know, Peter. I wasn't there. If this is true, it shows remorse, right? That you're sorry for what happened?

P: I *am* sorry . . . . Do you think it would help if I could get some sleep? I think I'm saying things that I don't mean to say.

K: No. You're telling me the truth. How did you break the legs? How did that happen?

P: Jumping up and down.

K: Did she come at you with something? Was she going to beat you up?

P: No. She was small. Something about swimming, but I can't understand it. No way I'd go swimming that night. It seems that with her clothes off I was trying to clean her up. Maybe I thought it would make it all better.

K: Is this why you put the water on her?

P: Things aren't clear, you know? I remember thinking, Oh my God, when I saw her layin' there. But I don't remember whether that's when I came home and saw her.

K: Well, we know that you did it. You've tried to blank it out of your mind. Now your mind is going to be relieved of it. You got a second life now.

P: But the thing that bothers me is, what right I had to take her life? Is there any way, when all this is over, that it could be wiped out of my head?

K: I don't know. How do you think you broke the legs?

P: Jumping up and down.

K: Yeah? When she was on the floor?

P: Yeah.

K: And where did you keep this razor?

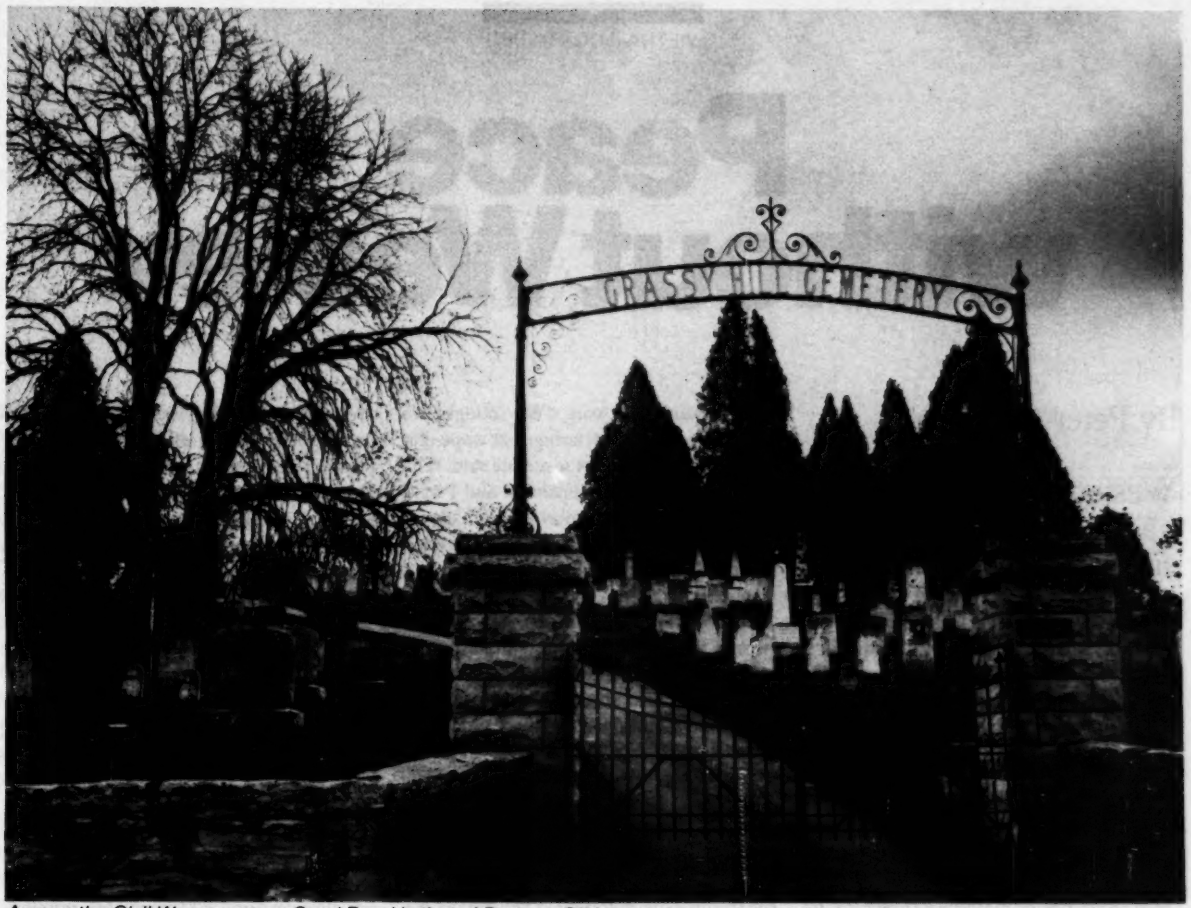
P: Probably on the table in the living room. Maybe she came after me with it.

K: You remember slashing at her throat?

P: I think I remember.

K: You told me you did remember it.

P: But if I did it, wouldn't there be



Among the Civil War graves on Sand Road is that of Barbara Gibbons, who was buried there without official announcement.

blood if I tried to clean her?

K: I don't know. I wasn't there. Did you change your clothes?

P: No. I wore these clothes to school yesterday. I've had them on since it happened. I wish I wasn't so tired, because things come into my head and go right out again. I wish I could start all over, being born.

K: Once this is over you will be reborn. At 18. All this hassle and bullshit is all going to be in the past.

P: What time is it?

K: 6:30.

P: I keep thinking I gotta be home.

K: Did you take her pants off?

P: I don't think so. I really don't think so.

K: Let's run through the whole picture again.

P: She gets out of bed—we start arguing—I don't know what about.

K: Just another goddamned argument. A continuous one.

P: Either she picked up the razor or I did. But I remember slashing.

(Kelly says something about legs.)

P: I think I could have jumped up and down on her. I don't know if there were ribs broken. I always told myself that if I ever got into a fight, I'm not going to fight clean. You fight to win.

K: Maybe we should let you talk to the investigator.

P: I don't want to get tossed in a cell.

K: I just work here.

P: You got a tape recorder here?

(Silence for a moment.)

K: I got my tape right here. (Apparently he indicates the polygraph chart.) That's *you*. That's your conscience.

(They leave the room. The test is over. By now, Lieutenant Shay has asked some troopers to try to reach the public defender. Just before midnight Peter is formally arrested for murder. He is driven back to Canaan Barracks, then to the Litchfield jail, where he is visited by the public defender some time on Sunday. Murder is a Class A felony in Connecticut with a mandatory maximum sentence of life imprisonment.)

When I left the courthouse, I passed the jail where Peter gets up at 7 a.m., eats breakfast, then often goes back to bed. Mail call is at 11, then lunch. In the afternoons he reads and writes letters. Homework assignments are sent to him from school; although a teacher is not allowed to come and tutor him, Peter has made friends with an accused embezzler, who is helping him with his bookkeeping.

A few miles past the jail I turned into the driveway of our country house, where I would spend the night before returning to New York City. I thought of Father Paul having his coin collection appraised, saying, "I want people to know I think he's innocent." ("Believe it or not, I think it's a nice gesture on his friends' part," Lieutenant Shay told me later. I said I believed him.) I thought of Peter saying in a letter, "My goal in life now is to become very wealthy on my own." I thought of all the 18-year-olds who must be lying around the Tombs and other city jails, unnoticed. I thought of Sergeant Kelly saying, "Three months. That's not such a long time," and I thought those three months were nearly up. I looked around at our house, our woods of birch and pine, not an estate but enough to get Peter out if the bank would give us a second mortgage, which I knew they wouldn't, which gave me such a sense of guilty relief that I went inside and tried to think of something else. ●

Peace without Wesley

By Peter Ognibene

Wesley Ratzel's mother has not heard from him since he got into a dogfight with MIGs in 1972. "We got one letter from President Nixon, saying he would not forget the MIAs. After that, the letters were from his secretary"

She sits on the sofa in the small living-room of an old frame house in Scranton, Pa., a tiny woman nervously smoking one cigarette after another and fingering the thin chain around her neck. Hanging from the chain are two incongruous medals. On one is the figure of St. Francis, who lived an exemplary life of peace; on the other is the silhouette of an F-4 fighter-bomber. The first was the gift of a Catholic friend; the second was given to her by the younger of her two sons, Wesley Ratzel.

"Wesley was—no, no, I mean *is*—the pilot of an F-4," she says. Her confusion over whether to use the past or present tense goes to the heart of her problem: she does not know, has not known since May of 1972, if her son is alive or dead. First Lieutenant Wesley Ratzel is one of some 1,300 American servicemen who remain missing in action in Indochina nearly one year after President Nixon proclaimed "peace with honor" over that troubled region.

The picture which records Betty Ratzel's one and only meeting with President Nixon was taken more than a year ago, on October 16, 1972. She was attending a meeting of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Miss-

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ing in Southeast Asia. "We thought we were going to have Kissinger as a speaker that morning, but then someone said, 'The President's here.' My husband and I were at a table near the rostrum. I had made up my mind if I was ever in Washington that I'd ask him about the missing. So I elbowed my way to get right in front of him. He didn't high-hat me and I asked him to please, please not forget the men who are missing. He looked me right in the eye and said the missing in action would not be forgotten. He was very sincere and very kind."

What the President said to Mrs. Ratzel he reiterated in his brief, eight-minute speech: "We shall, under no circumstances, abandon our POWs and MIAs. When I use the word 'abandon,' I speak quite deliberately. That means we cannot leave their fate to the good will of the enemy."

Mr. Nixon's final words—"I will never let you down"—brought the families to their feet, applauding, cheering; some were weeping. Pictures of Mrs. Ratzel hugging the President made page one in many newspapers the following day. All three TV networks ran the President's speech as their lead story on the evening news. Coming as it did three weeks before the election, it was, in White House parlance, a splendid "media event." But to Mrs. Ratzel, it was, and remains, a solemn pledge.

On January 27, 1973, a peace agreement between the United States and North Vietnam was signed in Paris. The agreement required that all American prisoners of war be returned within 60 days and all of them, to the U.S. government's satisfaction, were. On two occasions last May, American military delegations were allowed to visit burial sites in North Vietnam that Hanoi says contain the bodies of Americans who died in captivity, but no identification of the remains was permitted. The Paris agreement also provides for exchanging information about the missing, locating graves and repatriating the remains; but, unlike the provision concerning the return of POWs, no explicit period of time for accomplishing these tasks was specified in the agreement. What is being done about the MIAs? The President has not spoken about the missing since May and when he spoke about them then, it was only to "justify" bombing Cambodia.

"What *is* the problem?" asks Mrs. Ratzel. "Why doesn't the President ever talk about the missing men?" She is referring to Mr. Nixon's first "energy crisis" speech at the end of which he recalled his success in Vietnam: "We have ended the longest war in America's history. All of our prisoners have been returned."

" 'I ended the war,' " Mrs. Ratzel quotes the President. " 'I brought the prisoners back.' But he [Nixon] neglected to say there were 1,300 men still missing. And you know what? I'm beginning to think there are only 1,300 families who care."

The indifference is not only in Washington. Recently, Mrs. Ratzel went to a walk-a-thon for the missing in the state capital, Harrisburg. The marchers were supposed to have a meeting with the governor, but he did not keep the appointment—she doesn't know why. The acting mayor and an assistant came, the American Legion provided a color guard and the city gave them a police escort. I ask her how many people turned out for America's missing in action.

"There were just 35 or 40 of us," Mrs. Ratzel says sadly. "Including officials and the color guard. People forget, Peter."

Efforts to interest people in the Ratzels' hometown about the missing men have also been met by indifference, or worse. "I called a radio station here in Scranton on Thanksgiving morning and asked them to remind people of the MIAs and to remember them in their prayers," says Mrs. Ratzel. "We listened all day to that station. But not once did they mention the missing."

Last Fourth of July, the city of Scranton planted a tree and posted a plaque, dedicating the sapling to Wesley

Ratzel and all other servicemen missing in Indochina. "My husband used to go over and water that tree," Mrs. Ratzel says. "But when he went up there about a month ago, someone had chopped it down."

Wes Ratzel is a burly, soft-spoken man who instilled in both his sons, David and Wesley, a love for the outdoors. "We used to have a lot of fun," says the father. "We were close. We went hunting, fishing and climbing together. We even killed rattlers and ate them. I taught Wesley to shoot. He killed a groundhog with my revolver when he was 10."

The Air Force supplies the Ratzels with address forms in English and Vietnamese and Mr. Ratzel writes a letter to his son every month and takes it to the Scranton postmaster for the special handling it requires. He and his wife also send packages. The letters are never returned and they like to hope that is a good sign. But the packages come back, one by one.

In their living room, the Ratzels are surrounded by objects which were sent to them by their son before May of 1972. The three-and-a-half-foot bronze candlesticks on either side of the portable TV were sent after Wesley visited Bangkok. Miniature aircraft perch on the shelves, including models of the F-4 he was flying on his 144th mission. Mr. Ratzel shows me a large Air Force navigation map of North Vietnam. Boxed in red ink, 35 miles northeast of Hanoi is Kep Airfield.

It was at Kep, on May 18, 1972, that First Lieutenant Wesley Ratzel and his squadron got into a dogfight with North Vietnamese MIGs. Most such air battles run no more than a few minutes, but this one lasted 11½ minutes. At one point in the battle, his wingman later reported, Wesley radioed: "I got one! I got one!" But no one saw the MIG he thought he'd destroyed. His squadron commander believes Wesley was shot down, yet no one saw First Lieutenant Wesley Ratzel's plane crash, nor was there any report of a "beeper" which would have automatically activated had he ejected.

"He was a great loss to us," wrote the squadron commander a year later, "but he will live in my memory as one of the world's truly fine men."

The Ratzels do not believe their youngest son is dead. "There's a possibility they [Wesley and his navigator] made it to the ground," says Mrs. Ratzel. Her husband later tries to convince me that the air-to-air missiles on a MIG might "knock out the engine," but "they don't blow up the plane." However, at the speeds his squadron commander says he was flying (800 to 1,000 mph), the chances of the aircraft remaining intact if a missile hit the engine are quite small.

The official government position is that there are no known prisoners of war in North Vietnam. Some of the POWs who returned earlier this year, however, thoughtlessly told the Ratzels of their belief that there were, in addition to the prisons the returnees were held in, also "underground" prisons in North Vietnam. There is no proof of such a dual system.

But Mrs. Ratzel grabs hold of any straw: "I want to believe them so bad it hurts. They don't know if there are any more POWs, but they don't know for sure there are not." The Ratzels have also heard a story (they cannot recall the source) about a prison in China where the guards, as well as the food, plates and other utensils are North Vietnamese. Although this, too, is unsubstantiated, it gives them hope their son may be alive in China.

First Lieutenant Wesley Ratzel, posing in front of his aircraft in Vietnam in 1972.

The heart wrenching thing is that all the Ratzels can do is hope. They are powerless to seek out the truth about their son themselves—as are all the MIA families. "All we can do is write letters," says Mr. Ratzel. "On some weekends we've written as many as 40 letters to Congressmen, the President and just to people, asking them to write their Congressmen and the President not to forget the MIAs. Last year we got a Christmas card from President Nixon and his wife and one letter, with his signature, saying he would not forget the MIAs. After that, the letters were from his secretary." This Christmas Nixon sent no cards to MIA families.

I mention the President's news conference at Disney World in which he spoke of "a peace with all of the Americans home, all of our POWs home." "Do you think he has forgotten them?" I ask.

"I hope he don't forget them," says Mr. Ratzel.

"I hope and pray he doesn't," says his wife in a small, tired voice. She pauses, thinking. "Here we are the greatest country in the world. Could it really be they have forgotten those men?"

As I get ready to leave, their older son, David, comes in. We talk for several minutes and then he drives me into town. Although his parents continue to cling to their faith in President Nixon's promise that he would never "abandon" the missing in action, David has another—perhaps, unfortunately, more realistic—view of the President's determination to find out whether our MIAs are in prison or in graves. Says David: "I think Nixon's full of shit." ●

Bobby Byrd's pilgrimage for leadership of the Senate majority slips leftward, but the liberals are still suspicious

The politics of wheedling

By Timothy Crouse

Sometime between now and January, 1977, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield will retire from his post. Soon thereafter, the Senate Democrats will meet to elect a new leader. Jimmy the Greek has not yet pronounced on the matter, but if he were to break his silence he would probably give overwhelming odds to Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia. Almost everyone in the Senate does.

One of the most durable and verifiable cliches of American politics holds that the Senate is the most exclusive men's club in the country. Robert Byrd may be the best steward the club has ever had. As Majority Whip he has been loyal, diligent, dignified and eager to please. Now the club's steward wants to become the club's president. Few of the other members are terribly enthusiastic about this prospect, but nobody wants to stand up and tell him he can't have the job.

Most of the Senate's Democratic liberals—and they outnumber the Democratic conservatives—do not particularly care for Byrd. In the privacy of their offices, some of them refer to him as "Uriah Heep," the villain of *David Copperfield*. If you acknowledge Byrd's virtues—the political skill which gave him a 78 percent landslide in his last election, his dedication to his constituents, his gargantuan capacity for work and the genuine yearning for self-improvement that led him to take a night-school law degree at the age of 45—if you first salute these virtues, then it is fair to admit that Bobby Byrd does in some ways resemble the Charles Dickens villain.

Like Uriah Heep, he comes from humble beginnings. An orphan boy, he grew up amidst the meanest Appalachian poverty, with no running water, meager food and Christmases (as he told one reporter) "when there wasn't a present in the house, not even a stick of candy." After spending nearly 12 years as a village butcher, he began to inch his way into state politics, and he cultivated the Heepish trick of acting humble, if not downright servile, toward people who could be useful to him. Even now, when he has become the only West Virginian ever to serve in both Houses of the State Legislature and both Houses of Congress, he still falls back on the humble ploy. It serves to hide his volcanic desire to get ahead.

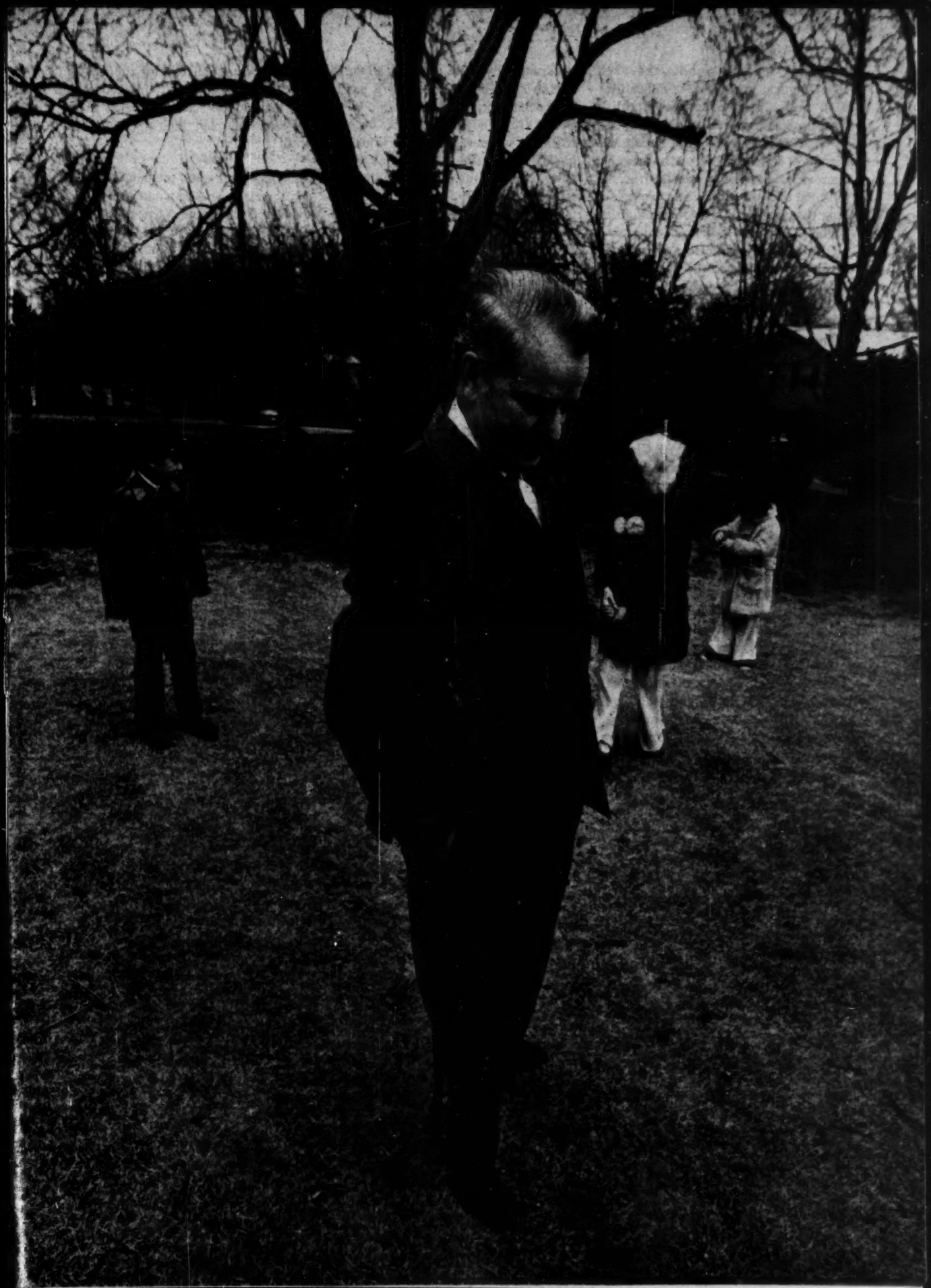
Moved by this intense ambition, he will submit to incredible drudgery, making the most out of jobs no one else wants to do. Like Uriah Heep, who "improved his legal knowledge" by slogging through *Tidd's Practice*, Byrd buried himself in the lethally dull volume of Senate Rules until he could skate parliamentary figure eights around his colleagues. In the same way that Uriah Heep made himself indispensible to his employer by taking advantage of the man's weaknesses, Byrd made himself a fixture in the Senate by catering to the needs of his fellow senators. Or, as one Senate aide put it, "He takes care of every minute detail for those lazy assholes."

It may be unfair to charge that Bobby Byrd has taken advantage of the Senate. The Senate, like a nymphomaniac, has allowed itself to be taken advantage of. The main reason that Byrd seems a shoo-in for the Majority Leader's job is simply that he has taken the trouble to collect nearly all the votes he needs. He has been able to do this largely because his colleagues have never stopped to consider what kind of Majority Leader they want after Mansfield. To do so would be to open an ugly can of worms. Somebody might suggest that they elect a man who would lead them into reforms, modernize the institution's archaic machinery and make the Senate a real match for the executive branch. They might have to consider reforms that would truly abolish the seniority system and would open up committee meetings to the full view of

Timothy Crouse wrote The Boys on the Bus, *a book on the press coverage of the last Presidential campaign.*

Byrd on a day off: Contemplating the future or wary of a snake in the grass?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK SWANSON



the press and the public—and such changes might make it more difficult for each individual senator to establish power and hold onto it.

They might also have to consider electing a strong leader, an imaginative man who would try to lead them in the direction of his own ideas and who might draw them into ugly showdowns with the White House.

Bobby Byrd offers no such threat. He has brought an unprecedented amount of law and order to the floor, but he has never been accused of trying to shake up the Senate. At a time when the country is screaming for the restitution of the balance of powers of the three branches of government, Byrd has done little to help the situation. He has gladly helped the President to politicize the Supreme Court, voting for all of the White House nominees, including Clement Haynsworth and Harrold Carswell. Aside from fighting the nomination of Patrick Gray and voting against the President's impoundment of funds, he has not been a leader in the battle against the aggrandizement of the Executive Branch. Instead, he has spent most of his time tinkering with the nuts and bolts of the Senate, making the machine run more smoothly for his colleagues and picking up IOUs in the process.

Byrd gained his first real toehold in 1967, when he beat Pennsylvania's pompous and complacent Joseph Clark for the number three leadership post of Secretary to the Democratic Conference. The job had always been worthless, but Byrd changed it from dross into political gold. He made himself a glorified gofer, plying the Senate Floor with a little notebook in hand, begging to be of assistance to his Democratic colleagues, jotting down their every request. He always delivered what was asked, whether it was a taxi to National Airport or the rescheduling of a bill. He became an expert at protecting the interests of absentee senators.

"Bobby learned how to salve Senate consciences," says a former Senate staffer. "He always knew every bit of business that was coming up, and he would help postpone a senator's bill for a week, or find the senator a 'live pair' so that the guy could fly off to Vegas and pick up $1,500 for a speaking engagement and never have to worry. Bobby Byrd would make sure that the senator wasn't going to miss a key vote."

Of course, all this service did not come free. Senator Byrd always managed to remind his colleagues that he had done them a favor, and in this way he piled up a stack of chits to rival the size of the National Debt. Some senators even began to believe that Byrd was toting up all the favors in a big black ledger. Byrd has always denied this.

"In the early days," he said recently, "whenever a senator would ask me to do something for him, I would have someone on my staff follow the record each day and send to those senators the appropriate clips from the Congressional Record—not for the purpose of building up a debt, but to show them that I did what they asked me to do. I long ago discontinued this practice, simply because there *was* the thought getting around that I was trying to keep a book of some kind, containing credits due me for trivialities which I owed the other senators as a duty incumbent upon the office which I held."

Senator Byrd defends his KKK involvement by blaming his poverty-stricken childhood in the Appalachians

Be that as it may, Byrd gradually took over the duties of the Majority Whip, first from Russell Long and then from Ted Kennedy, neither of whom liked to stand around the Floor all day scratching the Senate's every itch. In January, 1971, Kennedy ran for reelection to the Whip's job and Byrd beat him—partly because Kennedy had been wounded by Chappaquiddick, partly because he was leaning too far left for his colleagues' comfort, but largely because Byrd has been doing the Whip's job all along and collecting favors for it.

Once Byrd was officially in as Whip, he attacked his duties like Napoleon taking on the French legal system. He cleaned up the haphazard scheduling of bills and amendments. He started the Whip's Notice, a weekly sheet that lists the exact time when each debate and each vote will take place. Each week now, Byrd spends hours on the phone and on the floor working out unanimous consent agreements which limit debate and set a fixed time for votes. Then he drafts the Notice, consults with Mansfield, makes any necessary changes and finally, if the mood is upon him, throws in a couple of lines of Senatorial advice, such as: "The political radar shows stormy weather ahead; much turbulence, fasten your seat belts—but in the meantime, try to get some relaxation and rest."

The Whip's Notice, with its rigid schedule, has effectively snuffed out much of the spontaneity of the Senate, but the senators like it. It makes it easy for them to plan their speech-making trips.

As Whip, Byrd is still the humble servant of 56 masters and he works at it at least 14 hours a day, six days a week. At almost any hour of the day, he can be sighted on the floor, a middle-sized man with a sad, dour face working the aisles, patting other senators on the back, bowing his head in concentration as they whisper in his ear, moistening his thin, liverish lips with a flick of the tongue as he starts to make his reply. It is the portrait of a man who is running very hard for the Majority Leader's job.

Byrd admits that he would not mind being Majority Leader after Mansfield steps down, but he denies actively campaigning for the job. "Let's put it this way," he says. "The subject has come up from time to time—very infrequently. I don't think it will be a matter of having to . . ." His slow, pleasant voice trails off as he avoids the word "campaign." "I think if I'm able to avoid offending senators and don't fall into a poor-job syndrome, most of them would probably be willing to trust me as their leader."

But what about the story (printed in the *National Observer* and rumored all over the Hill) that had Byrd hounding an angry Lloyd Bentsen for a promise of support, for three hours, during Lyndon Johnson's funeral?

"The printed story very much exaggerated the facts," says Byrd. "We might have said a few words about there being an opening way down the road in the future, but it was only a fleeting reference. Senator Bentsen came to me later and said he thought the story was untrue and unfair to both of us."

Some of the Senate's best headcounters think that Byrd has already nailed down all but three of the votes he would need if Mansfield were to resign today—and Bobby didn't get them without asking. Byrd is not the kind of man who is given to fleeting references any more than a gila monster is given to nibbles. There is a story going around the Hill about Byrd inviting another senator to dinner. The man is said to be one of the swing votes Byrd needs to make his nut. To the first and second invitations, the other senator pleaded prior engagements. When Byrd phoned a third time, the other senator explained that he and his wife had so few moments together that they seldom went out. Byrd hung tough. What about three weeks from now? Two months from now? There must

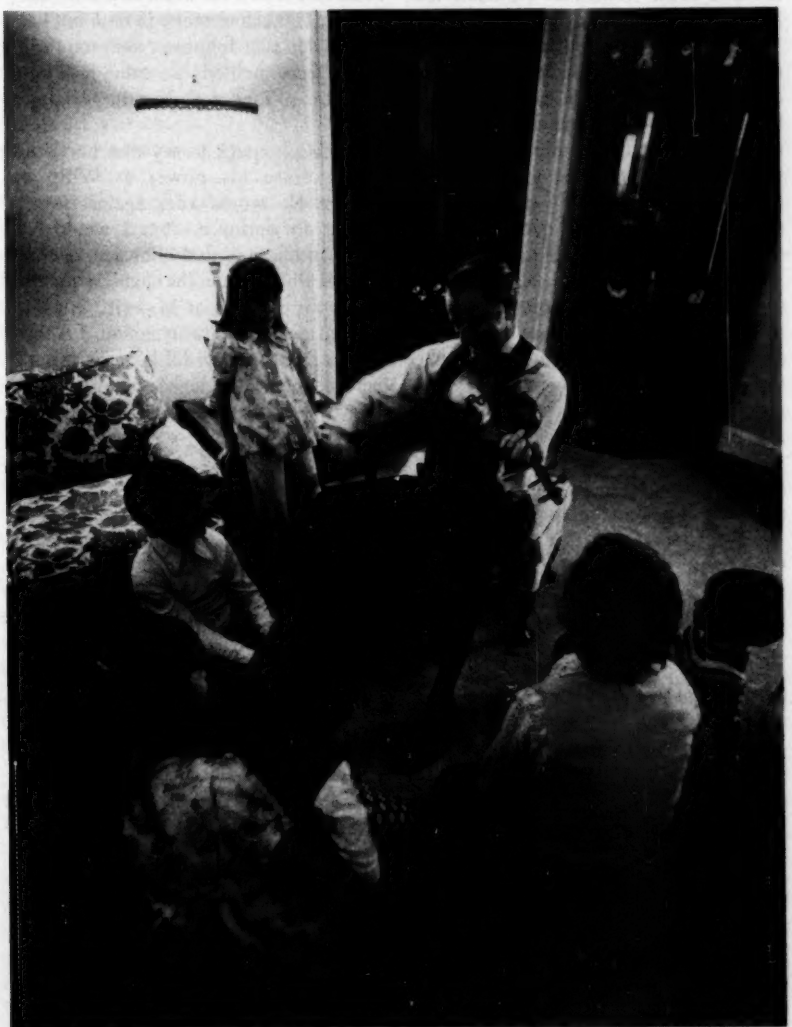
be *one* free night.

"With Byrd," says a Senate staffer, "you really have to choose between alienating him or submitting to him. He gives you no middle ground. He just overpowers most people with his energy and attention to detail."

The only other contenders being mentioned for Majority Leader are two old-guard liberals, Edmund Muskie and Hubert Humphrey, and two moderates, Lloyd Bentsen of Texas and Fritz Hollings of South Carolina. The liberal Democrats, if they were to form a united front, could probably stop Byrd. But they are likely to act in the self-destructive, every-man-for-himself fashion that has crippled them so often in the past. "They'll probably start to get scared the afternoon before the election," says a Senate aide. "Phil Hart will call an emergency meeting with the old liberals and Jim Abourezk will meet with the younger ones, but it'll be too late and Byrd will just sail right in."

Why doesn't Humphrey or Muskie start mounting a counter-offensive immediately? Many Senate sources believe that Humphrey will be too busy making his fourth bid for the Presidency. Muskie, who could probably win the Leader's job if he started working for it early, is said to be balking at the small risk that he might lose and then have to live with a vengeful Byrd.

Mansfield's tenacity presents Byrd with his major problem. Mansfield might step down in January, 1975, when his term as Leader expires, but he will probably remain in the job until January, 1977, the end of his Senate term. By 1977 two elections will have taken place. Their probable effect will be to swell the ranks of the Democratic liberals and put Byrd several votes further away from the job than he is now. To be sure of victory, Byrd will have to do two things: 1) convince the liberals that he sincerely shares at least some of their ideology and 2) convince them that he would make a totally trustworthy leader.



Byrd fiddles around in his best West Virginia style, delighting his grandchildren.

For openers, Byrd will have to show the liberals that he has completely put behind him a long, ugly record of redneck conservatism. During World War II, Byrd was an officer not of the United States Army but of the Ku Klux Klan. This fact surfaced in the primary during his first bid for Congress in 1952. Confronted with affidavits, Byrd admitted that his Klan episode had been a youthful mistake and claimed he had been involved only briefly—during the years 1942 and 1943. "After that," he said, "I lost interest." Byrd won the primary.

During the general election campaign, however, someone fished out a letter Byrd had written to the Imperial Wizard in 1946. "The Klan is needed as never before," the letter said, "and I am anxious to see its rebirth here in West Virginia." The letter distressed West Virginia's governor, who summoned Byrd for a midnight tete a tete and told him to get off the ticket. Defying the governor, Byrd toughed it out and won—with the moral support and nickel-and-dime contributions of voters who had once been Klansmen themselves.

Today, Byrd explains his KKK participation by saying, "In the period and environment I grew up in, I didn't see anything against the Klan; it was for flag, God, country, and it was against Communism." In essence, Byrd is pleading that he was a victim of his ignorant and poverty-stricken environment. Ironically, Byrd has always rejected this plea when it was made in behalf of ghetto blacks. In 1965 he uttered what are perhaps his most famous words: "The ghettoes are blamed; yet, people of all races have lived in ghettoes in the past; but they have not rioted. Poverty is blamed for the riots; yet poverty-stricken whites outnumber poverty-stricken Negroes in America, but they are not rioting. . . . We can take the people out of the slums, but we cannot take the slums out of the people." Even today, Byrd fails to see any connection between poverty and crime. He apparently also fails to see that many young men grew up in dirt-poor coal mining towns but did not become kleagles in the Klan.

As a Congressman, Byrd voted for the Civil Rights Act of 1957. Guided by the firm hand of Lyndon Johnson, he voted for the Civil Rights Act of 1960. But in other ways he earned himself a reputation as the most active bigot in the United States Senate. Aided and abetted by Strom Thurmond, he staged a 14-hour all-night filibuster against the Civil

Rights Act of 1964. He opposed the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Of the Warren Court and its decisions, he said, "The Marxists, in their own Godless scheming, could hardly have asked more from our Supreme Court than they have received." He described Martin Luther King as a "self-seeking rabble-rouser," and was still standing behind those words in 1971.

For eight years he served as chairman of the Appropriations Subcommittee on the District of Columbia, and came to be detested by Washington liberals and blacks for his relentless campaign to drive unqualified unwed mothers off the welfare rolls. (Byrd's detractors always failed to point out, though, that he also increased welfare payments, doubled the number of social workers and pumped every available dollar into Washington's school system.) When Byrd found out that the Federal Government was paying the way home for some participants in the Poor People's Campaign, he threatened to hold up the 1969 fiscal budget for the District of Columbia. "I am going to take it out of somebody's hide in some way," he said.

In the last three years Byrd appears to have moved towards the left. Asked whether he is becoming a liberal, Byrd is evasive. "Labels mean nothing," he repeats again and again. He says that the issues have changed and he has changed with them. Which is true. He no longer has the Vietnam war to support, nor war protesters to vilify, nor rioters to inveigh against. There has been little civil-rights legislation lately for him to fight. With the war over he can afford to attack SEATO as "inappropriate to today's problems," as he did last September. With Nixon supporting detente, it is relatively safe for him to take the logical next step and suggest a rapprochement with Cuba, as he did last March. He has seen his way clear to vote against Gerald Ford, against the Trident submarine and for easier voter registration. As a result of these and other votes, his ADA rating has jumped from a 31 in 1971 to a 60 in 1973 (which puts him right in the center of the Senate Democrats, whose average ADA rating last year was 62). Byrd has also taken to wooing some of the younger liberals. For instance, when freshman Joseph Biden of Delaware first presided over a Senate session—a duty which is often assigned to new members because it requires little more than a resilient bladder—Byrd rose and made an effusive five-minute speech, declaring that Biden had shown "a degree of dignity and skill which is as rare as a day in June."

Byrd's most obvious change has been his new role on the Judiciary Committee. "I'm telling you," says a liberal Senate staffer, "Judiciary has been a different place since Byrd started to see the light." In the past two years, Byrd has often voted with the Committee's liberals. He came out against the nomination of Patrick Gray at a time when few senators thought it possible to defeat the appointee. But Byrd had the wit to detect "Watergate clouds over the nominee"

> The Senator asked me to forget the "Byrd Beats Kennedy" headline on the wall of his office

and he proved to be the star cross-examiner at the Gray hearings. Brandishing his law and order credentials ("I made law and order speeches . . . before President Nixon started making them"), Byrd barraged Gray with tough questions based on an investigation he had conducted himself. It was Byrd who extracted from Gray the devastating admission that John Dean had probably lied to him. More than anything else, Byrd's demolition of Gray convinced Senate liberals that they ought to take a new look at him.

It also helped to bring around some of his detractors in the press. Back in West Virginia, for instance, his loudest opposition had always come from the Charleston *Gazette*, the only paper of statewide circulation. Three years ago, L.T. Anderson, the paper's chief editorial writer and columnist, said of Byrd: "Have you ever noticed his resemblance to Count Dracula? I'm convinced that if you flashed a crucifix, he'd cower. He's a God-awful Claghorn. He has all the moves of a redneck, and it's just embarrassing to the intelligent people of West Virginia—what few remain. If he ever got in the right position, he would launch a crusade that would put Joe McCarthy to shame."

Now Anderson has become cautiously optimistic. "I don't care much for him," he said recently in a phone interview, "but he has become more of a human being. He has a keen mind and he's capable of learning and I think he's learned a lot in the Senate. The *Gazette* has softened its attitude towards him a great deal, for very good reason. And you may say, if you wish, that I regret having said those harsh things about Senator Byrd in view of his present positions."

Even if Byrd started voting with Ted Kennedy every time, ideology is only one consideration. His fellow senators will also have to look hard at his trustworthiness and his methods as a leader. Would he lead them in the manner of Lyndon Johnson or of Mike Mansfield? Johnson, of course, was a legendary slavedriver, a man who often liked to dictate a party line and who knew how to destroy anyone who strayed from it. Mansfield is the great peacemaker, a conciliator who tends to believe that the Senate's strength lies in its lack of discipline and who lets the interaction of the individual members develop a course of action rather than trying to impose one from above.

At least a few senators fear that Byrd is a tricky man, that his instincts are Johnsonian, and that, once elected, he might turn around and try to ram conservative programs down their throats. These fears have probably reached Byrd's sensitive ears. Asked whether he prefers Johnson's style over Mansfield's, he tactfully finds much to praise in both but hastens to add that Johnson "went too far in his pressure methods. . . . they will only work for so long and then they begin to react."

He is quick to say that he would never abuse his power as Whip or Leader. He would vote against forced busing, for instance, "but I would not stand on the floor and filibuster 12 or 15 hours. I would not in the slightest attempt to use my position as Majority Whip to stall, to delay, to thwart action. I would do just the contrary. I'll do everything I can to expedite the legislative process, to let every man have his vote."

However, the record shows that Byrd did on occasion try to thwart other people's legislation. Robert Kennedy loathed Byrd for just this reason. In late 1967, when Byrd was the number three man in the Democratic Senate leadership, the House sent over a social security bill which, in Kennedy's opinion, threatened to "turn the welfare laws of this country back to the 17th century." Kennedy and other liberals voted to remove what he considered "the most odious provisions of the bill" and it was sent back into conference, where the conferees from both Houses "abandoned every Senate vote to liberalize the bill."

When the bill came back to the Senate during the pre-adjournment rush, the liberals still had a good chance to filibuster it to death or force it back into conference. Kennedy, who had to attend committee meetings on the morning when the bill was to come up, got Mansfield and Majority Whip Russell Long to promise that no vote would be taken be-

In Byrd's "working office" in the old Senate Office Building there are no chairs at the desk; he works standing up.

fore he had a chance to speak. As an extra precaution, the liberals posted Joseph Tydings as a watchdog on the floor. Unfortunately, Tydings started daydreaming in the rear of the chamber. Taking advantage of this, Long and Byrd drew close to the rostrum and slipped the bill through. Mansfield was absent. Tydings thought everyone was voting on something else.

Naturally, the liberals were furious when they found out. Long had the sense to skip town within the hour, and Byrd was left holding the bag when Kennedy stalked onto the floor later in the day. Kennedy proceeded to take Byrd apart in a cold, steely voice. "[To] have asked for that elementary consideration and decency that exists among men, then not to have received it, as we did not this morning, certainly is a reflection not only on the Senate but also on the integrity and honesty of those who participated." The words look dry and formal, but they amounted to the fiercest personal denunciation within recent Senate memory. Byrd asked Kennedy to remove his remarks from the record. Kennedy refused. Byrd made the mistake of trying to argue a hopeless case and only made himself look worse and worse. Kennedy finally said in disgust, "I thought I was dealing with *men*."

In 1971, a few months after Byrd became Whip, a spate of newspaper stories reported that Senate Democrats resented his tight control of scheduling, that they thought he was taking advantage of Mansfield's easy-going ways and that Mansfield had begun to crack down. Byrd took the floor and convincingly refuted some of the charges raised in the stories. To other charges Byrd offered lame excuses or none at all.

For instance, a story by the AP's Carl Leubsdorf suggested that Byrd had pulled a fast one in his scheduling of a bill of Hubert Humphrey's. The story said:

"Byrd had persuaded Humphrey to bring up on Friday his proposal to hold up funds for converting U.S. missiles to multiwarhead MIRVs.

"By noon Friday, Humphrey looked around him and at the absentee list, realized he didn't have a chance and that, in fact, the Senate might not even have the necessary quorum of 51 members to do business.

As the Senate paused, Humphrey told Byrd in a voice audible in the gallery that he had been 'trapped'—he later explained he had agreed to a vote without being told many potential supporters would be absent.

To that story, Byrd merely replied that he had not "persuaded" Humphrey to bring up the bill on Friday and that he was "under no obligation to state what the absentee situation will be unless asked." While Byrd had not exactly stabbed Humphrey, he had committed what one liberal Senate aide calls a "sin of omission."

"When Byrd's in agreement with a party position," says the aide, "and he's visibly on the spot, he can be a terrific help. But if it's a liberal position, and he's not forced to help us, then he does his duty and not a jot more."

Other liberal staffers think Byrd has gone out of his way to be fair in the last couple of years. They say he has argued that the Steering Committee give good assignments to liberals, and they point out that he used his power as Whip to break an attempt to filibuster an OEO bill—even though he personally opposed the bill.

But many of the liberals still don't trust Bobby Byrd. They still call him Uriah Heep. And they may have a point, for Byrd still tries to hide even the smallest signs of ambition.

During the Senate recess I interviewed Byrd in his office. Apart from being remarkably tidy, his office resembled that of most other senators. It was lined with cartoons from local newspapers with bad likenesses of the candidate and with copper-plated plaques from dozens of organizations which had honored the senator. Above the marble mantlepiece was a framed front page of the January 22, 1971, Washington *Star*. The banner headline said, "BYRD BEATS KENNEDY." The front page was such a natural trophy for Byrd to have that I hardly even noticed it as I scanned the room. In fact, I had forgotten all about it until, at the end of the interview, Byrd's press secretary pointed to it and said: "The senator asked me to ask you to please not mention that. This is really the senator's private office, and most reporters usually don't get to see it, and it's not really something that the senator wants in print."

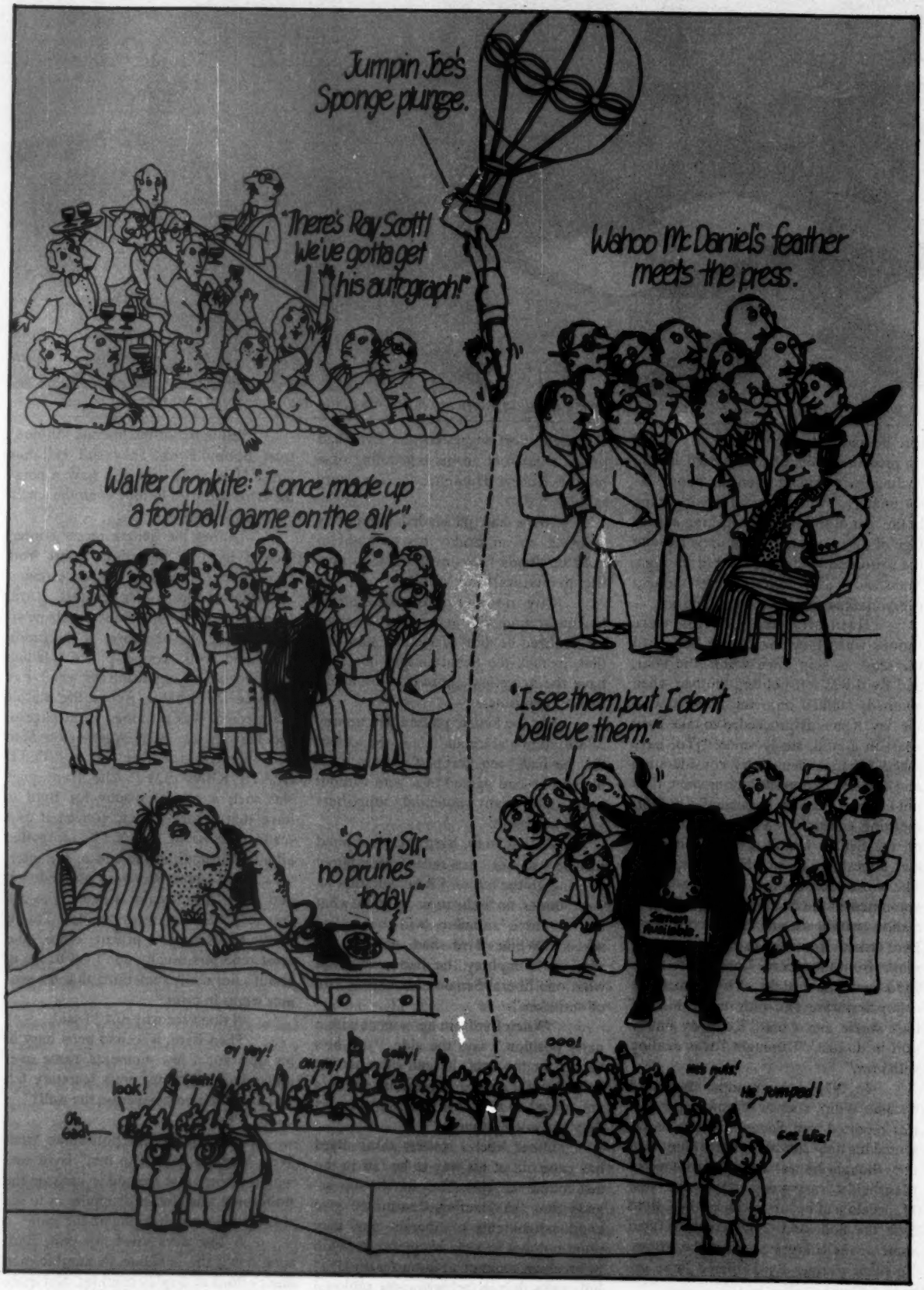
"I don't see why not," I said.

Then Byrd, who had been busy at his desk for a few moments, came over and asked, "Did my press secretary tell you about the newspaper on the wall?"

"Yes."

"A Capitol Hill policeman from West Virginia gave it to me," Byrd said with a gesture that seemed to indicate the policeman was always dropping in to see if his gift was still hanging on the wall.

A few days after my visit, Byrd took down the headline. A humble man can't afford to display trophies. Not quite yet.●


Jumpin Joe's Sponge plunge.
"There's Ray Scott! We've gotta get his autograph!"
Wahoo McDaniel's feather meets the press.
Walter Cronkite: "I once made up a football game on the air".
"I see them, but I don't believe them."
"Sorry Sir, no prunes today"
Oh, God!
look!
Gosh!
Oy Vey!
Oh my!
Golly!
Ooo!
He's nuts!
He jumped!
Gee Wiz!

KNEE DEEP IN BARNUM AND BULL

The last word on the Super Bowl

By Ron Rosenbaum

Number 19 and climbing on the KIKK Kountry music charts the week of the Super Bowl is a sad ballad called "Heaven Hell or Houston (I'll Love You Dead or Alive)."

Space City has had more than its share of Heaven and Hell in the past year. The 15-year-old god bared his heavenly lotus toe on his Astrodome throne two months ago. And 17-year-old Elmer Wayne Henly, who bared pits beneath the Texas turf filled with defiled bodies, will go on trial for torture, rape and murder the Monday following Super Sunday.

So the eight-year-old Super Bowl falls into a grey limbo between the Guru and the pits. Months ago, the NFL considered using the sun-rivaling flash of the comet Kahoutek as a key motif for the Super Bowl. (After all, the dazzle of the comet making its awe-inspiring nearest approach to earth on Super Sunday could fit right in with Skylab and other Houston-based astro events.) But instead of counting on Kahoutek, the NFL decided to play it safe and chose "Texas Hoedown" and "Our Musical America" as themes, respectively, of the pre-Super Sunday party in the Astrodome and the halftime show in Rice Stadium. A fortunate decision for the NFL, since, in a year of no-shows, the comet turned out to be the biggest no-show of them all. Fortunate, but one more indication that the Name of the Game this year is Play It Safe.

The Dolphins, of course, are the safe choice. At Super Bowl Media headquarters at Houston's Regency Hyatt House on Wednesday, 40 people have already made their pick for the "Sportswriters Pool." (Pay a buck and pick a score. Closest to the final score wins it all—no one has ever picked the exact score.) The first 35 all picked the Dolphins.

I pick Minnesota, 21–17. My angle is that—even without wildman Karl Kassulke, paralyzed in a pre-season motorcycle accident—the Vikings are still a team of individual heroes and wild men, people like Carl Eller who smash blackboards in halftime rages, people like Fran Tarkenton who can singlehandedly put on a good show and still win ball games in the Year of Play it Safe.

The phone wakes me at 6:30 Thursday morning with strange tidings. I had set my alarm for 8 a.m. to get up in time to catch the bus to the Dolphins press brunch, but I did not have 6:30 on my mind, nor can I be dreaming the following conversation:

"Hello, sir, this is room service," drawls the woman's voice on the phone. "You put in an order last night for breakfast at 8 o'clock this morning?"

"Uh? Yes. It's only 6:30 now."

"Yes, sir," says the room service lady apologetically, "but I called to inform you that we have no more prunes left this morning and—"

"Huh?"

"Sir, you *did* order the Imperial Prunes with your bacon and eggs, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, sir, we're terribly sorry but in place of the prunes we can offer you half a grapefruit, or some nice melon—"

"No, nothing. I mean, just the eggs and coffee," I say and hang up.

It is not until later that day that I learn the significance of this prune call. I am sitting in the Hyatt House suite of a person closely connected to the NFL (more than that he wouldn't permit me to say in light of the disclosures he made). I tell him about my early call.

"*That's* not odd at all," he tells me. "You've got to understand this is NFL headquarters hotel and these owners and executives are the biggest laxative freaks around."

"What?"

"You heard me. You writers are always talking about the players taking drugs and all that, but nobody knows about the drug abuse of the owners. I tell you they drop Ex-Lax the way you drop Excedrin. You talk about players taking speed. I've seen some owners who pack their attache cases with Ex-Lax boxes

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ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

whenever they leave their offices."

"You're putting me on, right?"

"Bullshit I am. You'll hear them talking about 'the supply' all the time. It ain't supply and demand, it's laxative supply. That's why you didn't have a chance for any prunes this morning."

"Don't they get addicted to it, the laxatives, after a while? I mean—"

"They *are* addicted. They're always talking about how nothing's more exhilarating than that clean, wrung-out feeling they get afterwards. Well wrung, I guess you could call it. They start out with Phillips or Maalox Number Two, they move up to Ex-Lax and the new thing this year is Fleet's, that five-minute enema in a bottle."

"You think maybe it makes them feel like the fleet-footed wide receivers they own?" I ask. "You know, they can't move as fast on the outside, but inside—"

"Maybe. I never thought of it that way," says the NFL person. "I always thought it had something to do with money. These guys are always taking in so much and spending so much all the time, they got to keep things moving fast. Then there's cortisone. That's the other big drug the execs use."

"Why cortisone?"

"They take cortisone shots because they think it's some kind of youth drug. It's supposed to keep the skin looking young or from turning grey or something, but you notice they'll have those dark grey puffy areas around the eyes where the side effects show up."

The Dolphin press brunch is almost over. Manny Fernandez is sitting at a small, round table littered with crumbs. Manny's wearing faded jeans, an old striped T-shirt and a look of serene boredom. A few football writers are still asking Manny why he's not getting emotional about the upcoming game.

"Manny," says a writer, "people say the Super Bowl has lost its entertainment value, that it never comes up to what it's built up to be. Do you—?"

"What do you want us to do?" says Manny, "go out there with rockets tied to our asses?"

Fran Tarkenton has a feather in his cap

> "You talk about players taking speed . . . . I tell you the owners drop Ex-Lax the way you drop Excedrin"

and a scab on his wrist. The long, grey feather sticking out of Fran's jaunty, white felt hat originally belonged to Wahoo McDaniel. Strictly speaking, the feather once belonged to a pheasant until Wahoo, an ex-Dolphin, ex-Jet linebacker from the flaky old days of the AFL, blew the pheasant to Heaven Hell or Houston, plucked the feather and put it in his headdress. You see, Wahoo's a professional wrestler these days and comes into the ring wearing a feathered Indian costume. (In the February issue of *The Wrestler* magazine, the manager of "The Minnesota Mauler" calls Wahoo "a foul and evil lunatic . . . a menace to civilized sport . . . . There isn't a referee, manager or fan who's safe as long as Wahoo is allowed to wrestle."

Wahoo lost his pheasant feather in a match with Ron Pritchard, the Cincinnati Bengal linebacker who is also a professional wrestler, and Pritchard presented it to Fran upon Tarkenton's arrival in Space City for the Super Bowl. Fran promptly stuck the feather in his felt fedora and, with mock solemnity, pronounced it his "victory hat."

Fran got the scab on his wrist when he slit open his skin on the artificial turf of Dallas' stadium. That scab is healing, but Fran's got an older wound that isn't. It's that worst of all pro-football insults: Fran can't win the Big Ones.

Now, Fran faces the same task Joe Namath faced four years ago in Super Bowl III. He's got to play the hero, like it or not. Fran's pheasant feather is his own tongue-in-cheek way of playing the devil-may-care hero. But that old loser rap still makes him an easy target and he keeps getting questions about whether this game will be his last hurrah, whether it's the Vikings' last hurrah, whether he feels he's got to prove he's not a loser.

Finally, Fran gets fed up.

"Look," he tells the football writers with some exasperation, "quarterbacks aren't heroes or losers any more. Those days are gone. No one individual wins or loses games any more. If that were the case, you'd have Namath winning championships every year."

The football writers are silent for a moment.

"But you guys don't want to write that, do you?" says Fran.

Semen Available. That's what the sign over the prize bulls declares. The entryway to the Friday night "Texas Hoedown" on the Astrodome floor is lined with prize stud bulls lounging and swaying in fresh hay. Team owners, NFL executives, players, wives and daughters pass by the *Semen Available* enticement and do double takes.

"Will you look at the set of balls on that animal!" says one NFL exec to an owner as they pass a Black Angus. "Now that's what I call well hung."

"It's not the size of the balls alone, it's the separation," says the man in the white cowboy hat and string tie who apparently owns *Champion Sedgwick III*, the Angus.

"What do you mean 'the separation'?" I ask the man from McCurry Stud Farms.

"It's the heart-shaped separation," he replies. "Between the two balls. *That's* what makes for a good set. Look," he says.

He reaches down and grabs the low-slung scrotum of *Champion Sedg-*

wick III and pulls it out to the side into the light.

"You see," says the McCurry Farms man, "this is good separation here. When your bull is ejaculating, good separation will act like a car's radiator."

"A radiator?"

"Cools 'em off. Now if you get separation like this here"—he separates Champion Sedgwick's testicles to demonstrate—"then you get air circulating in between to cool 'em off. If the damn sack is too tight and you don't have separation, it'll get too hot."

"Why is it bad for them to get hot?"

"The hotter you get, the more sperm cells die off, your sperm count drops. Kills the value of the semen."

There seems to be a lesson here about playing it cool.

"Does Champion Sedgwick get real cows any more?" I ask the McCurry Farms man.

"Oh yes," he says. "We use him both ways. We're increasing the artificial servicing and he's a little sorry about that."

"How can you tell he's sorry?" I ask.

"He's just like you or I; he still needs the real thing around to get inspired."

"He doesn't look very horny now," I observe.

"Oh, he's very potent now," says the McCurry Farms man. "It's just there's nobody around in heat tonight."

The man driving the limousine shuttle back from the "Hoedown" to the Hyatt House turns out to be a jolly funeral director. "You ought to stick around for the Thrill and Destruction Show at the Dome here," the funeral director says. "I understand they've got this guy—Jumpin' Joe Somebody or other—who's gonna dive from the roof of the Astrodome into a sponge."

Saturday night. The American Express party at the Houston Oaks Hotel. This is no Texas Hoedown. This is Oysters Rockefeller and cracked crab for hors d'oeuvre, and Walter Cronkite for conversation. The Oysters Rockefeller, banquet, et. al.,is said to have cost American Express $25,000. Walter Cronkite's presence is said to have cost $5,000.

(I didn't dig up that Cronkite figure. A team of reporters from *Forbes* weasled it out of an American Express official and pledged me to secrecy on the dollar figure. But a New York *Post* reporter weasled it out of the *Forbes* team and printed it. According to the *Forbes* team, the American Express party is the big one this year, the expensive one, the one with the highest priced celebrity of all, Walter Cronkite.

After addressing myself to the oysters and the cracked crab, I introduce myself to Cronkite. He looks grey and puffy without color-TV makeup, but acts quite convivial. I ask him what he is doing at the Super Bowl.

He tells me he'd never been a football star himself, although he had a cousin—Fritz Cronkite by name—who had played once. But he'd always been a big football fan, he says, going back to his earliest days in broadcasting.

"In the early days I used to do re-creations from the wires," he says.

"Re-creations?"

Cronkite explains that he used to get teletyped play-by-play accounts of key college games off the wire service tickers at a radio station he was working. He'd go on the air with the tape in his hands and re-create entire football games as if he were at the stadium and all the action was going on live in front of his very eyes.

He tells a story about the day the tape ran out in the middle of the game. He was re-creating some big Big Ten game and suddenly something went wrong with the teletype machine, leaving Cronkite stranded half-live, half-dead on the 40-yard line.

He began to make up the game, Cronkite says. He marched one team up the field, marched the other team down. He threw passes for one team, intercepted them for the other; he ran them for big gains, threw them for big losses, played not only both ways but all four ways for both teams.

The only thing he didn't do was score. He had played it safe, in case the teletyper came alive and revealed that no one had scored in the real game. In the last quarter, Cronkite says, a little wistfully, the tape was restored to life, and he was forced to return from creation to re-creation again.

Back at the Hyatt House after the American Express party. Rings of hostility are beginning to encircle The Pit. The Pit is the plush liquor lounge sunk down in the middle of the ground-floor lobby of the huge interior courtyard of the Hyatt House. (The management calls The Pit "The Park" but the guests call it The Pit.)

Outside The Pit tonight are the Fans. On one side Vikings fans in purple and white hats have unveiled a banner that reads: MIAMI SUCKS. On the other side of The Pit Dolphins fans in orange and aqua hats have a sign reading: SPIKE THE VIKES.

Inside, The Pit is jammed with operators, celebrities, owners, scalpers, hookers and hangers-on, all fighting each other for drinks and room to stand up.

It takes about 20 minutes to make my way across the packed lounge, but at the far end, in the heart of the heart of The Pit, I come into a strange circle of peace. Leaning against the rear wall of The Pit are two couples—two jock-type men and two slim, attractive women—with their arms encircling one another.

"Hey, you," the younger jock type calls out to me. "My wife wants you to

come over and talk to us."

He sounds hostile but they look interesting. They introduce themselves but there's some giggling confusion over whose wife is whose.

"Where do you come from?" I ask.

"I'm from Minnesota," says the older, greying jock type.

"I'm from Florida," says the younger, tougher looking jock type.

"So how come the two of you get along so well with all that"—I point to the DOLPHINS SUCK, SPIKE THE VIKES banners and partisans—"going on?"

"That's because we're both in Astroturf," the older man says.

"Regional sales," says the younger.

One of the wives jumps up and yells, "Ray Scott, there's Ray Scott. Let's get him over here. I want his autograph."

"Sure, honey, later," says the Minnesota man. "Do you know the story on Ray Scott, Ron?"

"What's the story?"

"You know he used to broadcast games for the Twins which were sponsored by a dairy, see, and once during the game he said 'oleo' instead of 'butter' and he got fired."

"For saying 'oleo'?"

"Very serious with a dairy, you gotta understand. Ron, but it was his big break, that's how he got into football announcing and now tomorrow he's going to be doing play-by-play on CBS for the Super Bowl—all from that oleo mistake."

"We're gonna leave you boys alone and go over and get Ray Scott's autograph," says one of the two wives.

Instead of heading back out the front entrance, the two wives climb up over a couch and scramble over the top of The Pit onto the ground floor in pursuit of Scott.

"So how's the Astroturf business doing in this recession?" I ask the regional salesmen.

"Very, very good, Ron," says one.

"It's the perfect investment for these times," says the other.

"Why perfect?"

"You're investing in land appreciation," says the older man. "Real estate, nothing's safer than that. Look, you take your average natural turf field: now on a good facility, say, you max it out at maybe $1,500."

> "We really got a great thing in Miami. But with all the contracts coming up, people are gonna be traded"

"Max it out?"

"Real estate value, Ron."

"So, natural turf maxes out at $1,500," I say to the older man. "What happens to the max when you put Astroturf on a field?"

"Oh, there's no way to determine what your max will be then. It's land appreciation, remember," says the Minnesota Astroturf man.

"The sky's the limit," says the Florida Astroturf man.

A CBS executive has misplaced some of his papers in the press room and, through a piece of luck, I am able to obtain an advance copy of the Super Bowl script for CBS announcers Ray Scott and Pat Summerall. Here is an excerpt entitled: PRE-GAME CLOSE—PAT AND RAY

"Ray identifies himself and Pat—something to the effect of I AM HAPPY TO BE PART OF THIS CBS TEAM HERE AT WHAT I WOULD HAVE TO FEEL AS MANY OTHERS HAVE ALREADY SAID IS GOING TO BE ONE OF THE BEST CONTESTS . . ."

Appended to this is the following note: "*Ray, please make comments based on your previous remarks. You will be able to view all pre-taping to finalize your comments. . . .*"

RAY SCOTT'S SUGGESTED COPY LINES FOR PLAYER INTRODUCTIONS. Two excerpts:

VIKING INTERIOR LINE. Ladies and gentlemen, introducing the Warriors of The Pit, the initial thrust of the Nordic Horde—*The Viking Interior Line.*

RECEIVERS: And flanking these stalwarts, the Fleet Norsemen who roam the secondary in search of the forward pass, *The Minnesota Corps of Receivers.*

Meanwhile Pat has been scripted to make the following spontaneous tribute:

SUMMERALL: "One person we especially want to mention today is Karl Kassulke, who would be out on the field in his Viking uniform if he had not suffered injury in a driving accident last summer . . . ."

Super Sunday. "A grey mist hung like cotton gauze over Rice Stadium," said the Houston *Post* the next day.

But I'm not going to write about anything that went on at Rice Stadium during the game. I *am* going to tell you about some things that went on in the locker rooms after the game, but first I want to tell you about something that is going on in a small, grey building across the parking lot from Rice Stadium.

The small grey building, the Rice Museum of Art, has hung a special exhibition entitled "Grey is the Color: A History of Grisailles in Painting from the 13th to the 20th Century." Grisailles—pronounced griz-ZAY—is the art-historical word for "grey or monochromatic colors which depend for effect upon a more or less arbitrary reduction in possibilities."

Stuck way back in the back of the museum, near the Emergency Exit, past grey walls hung with grey angels and grey devils in grey heavens and grey hells, past grey St. George's and grey dragons, past grey Samsons and grey Philistines, there is a small grey painting.

It's titled *Mr. Ball Modelling the*

Statue of Barnum, the American Showman.

"Mr. Ball" is shown carving the finishing touches upon the four-times-larger-than-life statue of Barnum. "The American Showman" is seated majestically on a throne-like chair gazing out of the picture in the direction of Rice Stadium, with a far-sighted gleam in his eye.

Across the Emergency Exit from Tidmarsh's "Mr. Ball . . . Barnum" is a grey painting of *Pasiphäe* by Gustave Moreau. Pasiphäe, you may recall, was the Cretan queen who commanded the artisan Daedalus to build an artificial cow for her to crouch on so she could satisfy her lust to be mounted by a bull. Subsequently, Pasiphäe gave birth to the half man, half bull, people-eating Minotaur.

Meanwhile, back at the stadium, the ball game is over. Bob Griese and the Dolphins have written another chapter in the history of Grisaille, thoroughly pacifying (Pasiphäe-ing?) the Purple People Eaters and everyone else who watched.

Fran Tarkenton is the only Viking left in the losers' locker room.

Tarkenton's Wahoo McDaniel-victory feather is gone, and so is his scab. I don't know what happened to the feather, but bright blood is oozing from Tarkenton's wrist where the scab had been.

Someone asks Fran how he got the blood on his wrist.

"Well, you know it's that wonderful artificial turf we play on," he says wryly, "and although it breaks the skin like that, it's a wonderful surface."

Someone asks Fran if he's pleased that he set an individual Super Bowl passing record today.

"Boy, I tell you that really thrills me." He laughs. "I keep telling you guys it's not an individual game. . . . When you lose, nothing can make up for the loss. Individual records are for baseball players, not football players."

"Fran," someone else asks, "how do you feel about playing all season long and then not quite getting over the hump?"

"Over the *what*?" says Fran.

"Over the hump."

"Over the hump!" says Fran. "I've been over the hump for 13 years."

"But the last obstacle,—the Su—"

"It wasn't no obstacle."

"You know it must be a source of a lot of—"

"No. No. Do I seem remorseful?" Fran looks around at his questioners. Nobody says anything. "Do I seem remorseful? Okay then."

Then I ask Fran if he felt that his individual style of ball is disappearing from the game.

"What do you mean by that?" he asks.

"Well, I mean everybody says that Miami—"

"Who's everybody?" he asks sharply.

"Well, sportswriters and . . ."

Fran turns to the circle of sportswriters gathered around him. "You all say that?" he demands. "Huh? Is everyone here saying that? Huh?"

The sportswriters say nothing. I had expected them to rally to Fran's defense but they give him blank looks.

"See?" says Fran to me.

"They're afraid to say it now," I tell him. "But they'll do it in print."

"Do what?" says one sportswriter.

"Write that Miami's a machine and Fran's one of the last individuals in the game," I explain.

"Is Csonka a hero?" Fran demands. "Is Jake Scott an individual? Dick Anderson? They're not bad individuals. That's a horseshit statement."

The jubilation in the Dolphin locker room is not overwhelming. Doug Swift, starting left linebacker on the Dolphins No Name defense, is sitting in front of his locker in the Miami dressing room. "Doug, do you think we've seen the last of the Mohicans here today as far as this Miami team goes?" a football writer asks.

"Well, you've seen the last of something," says Swift.

"Why is that?"

"Well, I feel because of all the contracts coming up next year. I mean we really got a great thing in Miami, but you know how ownership is. They gotta draw the line. People are gonna be traded. I don't know what they're gonna do . . . It's a good thing but it ends right now as far as I'm concerned."

"Why the end?"

"Well, it's almost—I don't know, it might be bad sayin' this but we've got a really good team now and I just—it's just like a machine you know . . . ."

"You kept the machine together for this Super Bowl and now—"

"You know, from their point of view they can probably replace a lot of people. They're right in thinkin' that, too. I can certainly be replaced. Manny gets hurt, they find a replacement for him . . . ."

"You do feel like you're part of a machine?" I ask Swift.

"Yeah. I feel like—a really good machine."

"Best machine in the world?"

"Yeah. Well, best in America. We gottta get the Russians over here now . . . ."

Jumpin' Joe Gurlach is his name, and he escaped from the Russians. Now he dives from great heights into a foam rubber sponge.

I have taken the funeral director's advice and remained in Houston to catch the Thrill and Destruction Show at the Astrodome. After sitting through a Super Bowl, you've got to do something for excitement.

I arrange to meet Jumpin' Joe. I ask him how he got into the "Sponge Plunge"

business. Once he was a high diver for the Hungarian Olympic team, Joe tells me. He defected to the West in 1956 at Melbourne despite Russian pressure to return home.

He came to America and after his amateur diving career came to an end he began earning a few dollars promoting gym supplies by diving into foam rubber mats at athletic equipment conventions.

He drifted to Las Vegas. "I used to dive from the roof of Circus-Circus into a sponge between the crap tables and the blackjack tables," Joe says.

Finally, he developed his own traveling "Sponge Plunge" act complete with a pre-plunge ascent in a red-white-and-blue hot-air balloon.

I ask Jumpin' Joe how dangerous his act really is.

"It's like a three-foot putt, you know. I play golf a lot and a three-foot putt's nothing. But if someone all of a sudden says, 'You miss this three-foot putt and you'll be dead'—then it becomes a pretty tough putt."

He's missed twice.

"Not entirely naturally. The year before last my legs went over the edge, I broke my leg and my right hip and crushed both my heels. Two years before that I landed face down on the edge and broke nine bones in my face."

The trick is to land exactly in the middle of the sponge, Joe says. "I've had two accidents and both times I was on the edge," Joe says. "You just cannot overhang the edge."

The Astrodome is packed for the Thrill and Destruction Show: school buses from small towns all over East Texas are parked outside. First on the bill is "Chitwood's Legion of World Famous Daredevils" with motorcycle and stock car stunts like the "Wall of Fire," the "T-Bone Slam" and the "Wall of Ice Smash."

Then "The Flying Angel" comes on and tries to beat Evel.

The Flying Angel is 19-year-old female motorcyclist Debbie Lawler, who's out to beat Evel Knievel's Astrodrome record of leaping over 14 cars. The Flying Angel travels with her own landing and take-off ramps, each with a pink stripe down the middle and a pink heart painted in the center of each pink stripe. She beats Evel.

> "I understand they've got this guy who's gonna dive from the roof of the Astrodome into a sponge"

Joe comes before the Demolition Derby. His act starts out disastrously. He rides out onto the Astrodome floor in a strange one-wheel motorcycle first built in Germany in 1926 and rebuilt by Joe himself during his last convalescence.

(Joe has confided to me that he dreams of setting some sort of record for speed or distance or something in the strange one-wheel vehicle, thereby getting his name into *The Guiness Book of Records*.)

But halfway around the Astrodome floor, just as Joe is waving triumphantly from within the six-foot-high wheel, it topples over, pinning him underneath. Joe has to be helped out from under and limps off to get his hot-air balloon inflated.

A truck wheels out Joe's sponge. The word *sponge* suggests kitchen sponge, but this looks like a double thick, kingsize bedroom mattress. It's a 600-pound slab of polyurethane foam rubber, seven by 15 feet. It actually looks much bigger most of the time, but Joe has spent the afternoon compressing it in some special sponge-compactor to give it more bounce to the ounce.

There's some problem inflating the balloon, and several times it begins to topple over on top of Joe and his assistants. But finally, wearing a gleaming white leather jumpsuit and carrying a gleaming white helmet, Joe steps into the balloon gondola and takes off for the top of the Astrodome.

There's a little delay at the top so Joe can steady the balloon over the sponge. At last he steps over the side of the gondola onto a narrow ledge.

Then Joe drops his helmet. The Astrodome announcer makes much of the disastrous consequences of this for the Sponge Plunge, but I suspect it's a bit of stage business Joe does to get everybody on the edge of their seats. And, as a matter of fact, as Joe stands poised everybody *is* on the edge of their seats.

Joe himself looks a little edgy. He told me that, big as the sponge looks on the ground, it looks as big as a pack of cigarettes from way up there. He hasn't taken a plunge since last August.

Suddenly he does it. He dives head first, does a heart-stopping mid-air flip and lands flat on his back. Huge firecrackers set into the mattress explode on Joe's impact. The crowd shrieks. Joe lies motionless for 10 seconds, then leaps up to great applause and trots off. The whole thing is a little hokey, a little sloppy, a little silly, but there's a real thrill there for the money, and Barnum the American Showman would have loved it.

I remember Manny Fernandez at the Dolphin brunch replying to the sportswriter who was complaining that the Super Bowl never lives up to the entertainment value it promises. "What do you want us to do?" Manny had asked. "Go out there with rockets tied to our asses?"

It's intermission time at the Astrodome, but the real heroics are over. A truck appears to haul off Joe's sponge and two clowns drive out in back-firing minicars. They proceed to drop firecrackers down the backs of each other's baggy pants until the floor is cleared for the Demolition Derby.●

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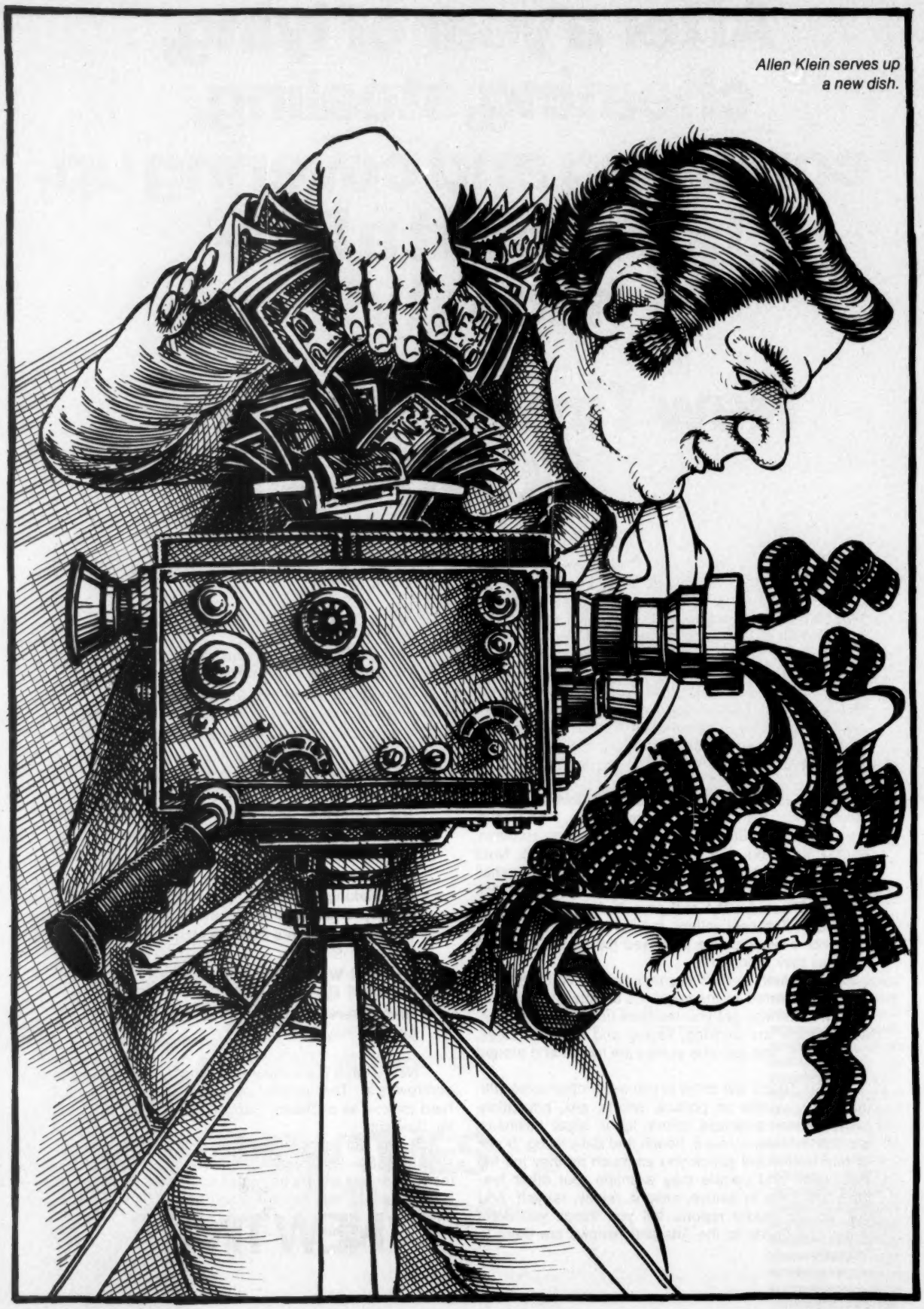

Allen Klein serves up a new dish.

What the hell is wheeler-dealer Allen Klein doing with that madman who made *El Topo*?

Mystical union of a very odd couple

By Harry Stein

Allen Klein's chauffeur opens the door of the Fleetwood and Allen Klein and I step in. There's 40 feet of legroom inside and we sink into the upholstery up to our hips. "This is fantastic," I say to Allen Klein, "but what about the energy crisis?"

Klein, late the brains behind the Rolling Stones, later the brains behind the Beatles, lately the money behind director Alexandro Jodorowsky, pats his round belly and smiles. "I got my own personal energy crisis."

We glide into the heavy late-afternoon mid-Manhattan traffic, heading downtown. Klein stares out the window in the direction of the Palace Theatre. I fumble with my tape recorder. Sheldon Roskin, Klein's press guy sitting up front, glances back at us anxiously. "All right," Klein says finally. "What were we talking about?"

We had been talking, up in Klein's offices at 1700 Broadway, about Jodorowsky, about his new film, *The Holy Mountain*, and about how Jodorowsky, the Chilean director and new hotshot of the mystical set, and Klein, the notoriously cunning super-promoter, have managed to work together over the two-year production and pre-release period. On the face of it, their's is a union about as likely as one between Shirley Temple and Fagin, and one would expect that by now it might well be splitting apart at the seams.

"Nah," says Klein. "What can I tell you? The guy is an artist. The first time I saw this film, on a little editing machine, I couldn't get over it. I mean, it was so good it was sensory fatigue." He shakes his head at the memory. "Fantastic!"

It is hard to know whether he's serious or whether this is just a case of the Klein bullshit Paul McCartney has told us so much about.

In any case, Klein has good reason to be happy with Jodorowsky. He's a guy who's always played the percentages and he's starting out this time with an even larger headstart than usual. There are an awful lot of people who talk about *El Topo*, Jodorowsky's mystical western of a few years back, as if it were the Holy Grail revisited at 24 frames a second. They claim that it is a masterwork and an apotheosis, the final distillation of a whole lot of years of truth into two hours of revelation, in living color, on the wide screen. And they have looked forward to *The Holy Mountain* like impatient Jesus Freaks awaiting the Second Coming.

I am not one of those people. As a matter of fact, I had never even heard of *The Holy Mountain* until I arrived at last year's Cannes Film Festival, where it was being premiered, and I was less than ecstatic at the prospect of spending two more hours with Alexandro J. I had caught *El Topo*, which concerns itself with a cowboy-mystic who traipses around the desert slaying rival gurus, during its heyday as a cult sensation at New York's Elgin Theater, and I had found it pedantic, pretentious and a deadly bore.

But *The Holy Mountain* turned out to be something else again. A friend of mine called it "kinetic Dali," a description as apt as any, which means, generally, that the thing is not only extraordinarily pretty to look at and incredibly bizarre in what it shows, but also very, very funny in a very unconventional way. There is one scene, for example, in which a bunch of chameleons (dressed as Mayans, in feathers and embroidered capes) and a swarm of toads (dressed as Spanish conquistadors and priests) re-enact "The Conquest of Mexico" to a soundtrack of martial music. And another in which a middle-aged hipster, the owner of an "art factory," helps stimulate a giant, mass-produced sculpture to orgasm. And when people die in this movie, they bleed bright blue blood, or flowers, or birds—Jodorowsky's response to critics who decried *El Topo*'s bloodiness. So when, a few days after I saw the movie at Cannes,

ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

a card inexplicably turned up in my mailbox inviting me aboard the yacht Bresis to MEET ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY, I headed for the harbor forthwith. Yeah, I would love to MEET the director and DISCUSS his remarkable film with him. But I was even more intrigued by the prospect of MEETING the legendary wheeler-dealer Allen Klein and FINDING OUT just how he fit in with this madman.

It turned out to be the best press party of the Festival, a real carnival, mainly because so few of the press showed up. Instead, every freak for miles—in town for a couple of weeks of free movies and easy livin'—was aboard, and the stately Bresis, bobbing at the dock of the picture postcard port, instantly took on the air of a commune-slum. The food—a big lobster spread and a bowl of fruit chunks, each with a toothpick stuck in for easy pickins—was the best anyone had seen in a long time, and within an hour every beard on deck held traces of honeydew melon or lobster flesh.

Jodorowsky himself, tall, with wild long hair and an almost angelic face, surveyed the scene with obvious satisfaction; he is a lover of both incongruity and bedlam and neither was wanting aboard the Bresis that afternoon.

At length someone approached him and praised the film. Alexandro positively beamed. "You like?"

"Very much," said the freak. "Though I did find some of it a bit obscure."

Jodorowsky nodded solemnly. "For me was the clown of the ego. I design degradation of human being. Man, he fight to eat well, to live well, to fuck good and then, so what? What do he want more? To be immortal." He paused and then added, as an afterthought, "And to go to other planets. Humanity want to be God."

"I see," said the other. "So you really don't hold out too much hope that things will improve?"

"It is all shit."

"Isn't that kind of drastic?"

He looked surprised. "Shit is not bad. It is the holy product of man. Bees make honey, man makes shit. It is so terrible to make shit? The shit is so beautiful I could kiss."

On the upper deck, Klein, perched on the deck rail like some kind of middle-class buddha, was also holding court. His inquisitors, who could not believe their good fortune, were just getting the word on the Beatles ("No way they're gonna get together soon. Forget it.") and the Stones ("Sure I like Mick. Why the hell shouldn't I?") when a slick little guy in a business suit bounded on board and announced to Klein that he was a lawyer and had been authorized by certain individuals to obtain the rights to *The Holy Mountain* for Japan and South America.

Klein eyed the guy coldly. "Who are these individuals?"

"I'm not at liberty to disclose that," he said crisply.

That got to Allen Klein. He went to work and, before our eyes, took the slick little guy apart, piece by slick little piece. "I don't have to waste time negotiating," he said. "I'll tell you what I want from Japan and Latin America right now." And he contemptuously ripped off a string of astronomical figures—anticipated receipts from theater rentals, secondary rentals and television sales for each of a series of locations. No one could tell for certain whether the figures made any sense, but they sure as hell stopped the discussion cold.

There was a long silence. The slick little guy looked incredibly forlorn. "How about Australia?" he said finally.

"Listen," said Klein with a straight face. "Can't you see I'm trying to talk to the press here?"

And the guy turned and slinked off the boat.

Klein stared after him. "You see the kind of shit you have to put up with in this business." He clapped his hands together. "Okay, I'm here to talk about the film."

A guy from Canada spoke up. "They say that the film cost four million dollars and that you didn't even bother to see it until it played here."

"That's right," said Klein.

"Frankly," said the guy, "I find that pretty hard to believe."

"Look, if that four million were all I had, I would have been concerned. If it were a large proportion of what I have, I would have been concerned." He grinned a wicked little grin. "But it's not. Not by a long shot."

Now, in New York, in the Fleetwood, I

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ask Klein about that four million again. Reports have the film costing anywhere from one half to five million.

"Yeah," he concedes. "That four million story was bullshit. Actually it cost only three quarters of a million."

"Then why did you say four million?"

"I didn't. Jodorowsky did. At a press conference. He told me he thought it would make the film look important and me look generous."

"And what did you think?"

"I thought it made the film look extravagant and me look stupid." He pauses and smiles. "But I got out of it all right. I just told everyone that Alexandro meant four million francs."

We pull up at the Midtown Tennis Club. "I love tennis," he says. "Play every week." In the locker room he discovers that he's forgotten his sneakers, so he runs up to the sports shop and buys some more. Five minutes later he is on one of the club's indoor green clay courts, volleying with his regular partner, a lawyer named Leonard. Leonard is bigger than Klein and a step quicker, and it is immediately clear why he beats Klein every week. But Klein plays with the same ferocity that apparently characterizes everything he does, and every so often—as if to remind Leonard who he's dealing with—he hits a sizzling, untouchable backhand.

They get midway into the first set when a couple of girls show up and claim the court. Klein has arrived late and they've missed most of their reserved hour. They search for another court, find one, play on it for five minutes, and are kicked off by another pair of girls, these describing themselves laughingly as "meanies."

"Hey, Allen," says Sheldon, the press guy. "What the hell is the point of paying twenty million bucks to join a tennis club if they won't let you use the courts?"

Klein smiles. "It's a tax dodge."

Back in the Fleetwood, heading uptown, Klein is talking about how his involvement with Jodorowsky began. "I wanted *El Topo*, you know, but I wasn't gonna make the deal unless I was impressed with the guy. Also I wanted to make sure I could have his next picture. I didn't wanna build him up and then not have him afterwards.

"So he walks in, and I see immediately that the guy is a star. I mean, he's one of the best actors I've ever seen. I'm not saying he doesn't believe what he's performing—I think he believes everything he says. But the guy is just naturally 'on.'"

Klein has a point. Jodorowsky truly is an original, a one in a million character. He not only speaks in riddles and refers casually to philosophies and mystical tomes that are lightyears beyond almost everyone he speaks to, he is also about the most compulsively friendly person in the hemisphere.

"Look," said Klein, "if four million bucks were all I had I'd be concerned." He grinned. "But it's not."

The first time anyone visits Jodorowsky, in the swank East Side apartment in which Klein's people have set him up, he insists, in his gentle way, on showing off his books. "If I go on trip three miles," he explains, "I take my books." And wheeling around the shelf-lined living room like a ringmaster in a three-ringed circus, he presents his trophies, which deal, in approximate order, with science fiction, Indian philosophy, Buddhism, Mexican culture, Zen, Chinese philosophy, Jewish tradition, Sumerian and Egyptian philosophy, drugs, the secret life of Christ, the cabala and the tarot, magic, secret societies, Christianity, anarchism and fairy tales. "All the true philosophy is in the fairy tale," he points out.

In another room Alexandro keeps his comic books, which he loves almost as much. "I have Spider Man number one, Fantastic Four number one, Superman one to one hundred. I have! Dr. Strange, The Spirit, I have! I love the mystery of the comic book. For me is the modern mythology, no?"

As a matter of fact, Jodorowsky also draws comics for a newspaper in Mexico, and he supplies the dialogue and story line for others, more surreal than the sort of thing picked up by the dailies. One, for example, concerns a guy whose soul is trapped inside a lesbian and who has, as secret weapons, a lethal garter belt and a pair of detachable giant lips that go marauding down the street, kissing people to death. "It is fantastic, no?" he exults.

It comes as no surprise that Jodorowsky creates comics. In his forty-odd years he has also been a cabaret performer, a mime (and sidekick of Marcel Marceau's) in Paris and the foremost avant-garde director in Mexico. But for now, filmmaking is the core of Jodorowsky's life, and he works at it furiously. At one point during the shooting of *The Holy Mountain* in Mexico, a local citizen, enraged by what he saw as the film's sacrilege, showed up on the set with a gun and threatened to blow the director's head off. Jodorowsky, instead of cowering, found himself in a helpless, towering rage, irate—not that he was being threatened—but that anyone would dare interfere with the progress of his work. "It was odd to see," he explains evenly. "I not understand it myself."

But for all his dedication to his craft, Jodorowsky apparently derives no lingering satisfaction from his films. As soon as *The Holy Mountain* was cut and in the can, he began plotting his next

I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS

WHEN THEY ASKED ME to write this article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They told me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry, I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor kept slapping me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie". And when I started the verse to "Honeysuckle Rose", he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have froze to death.

I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle.—See how naturally I mentioned that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I step on them. And when I step on them, I hit a high note. I lead a very nervous life. In the morning I get up a baritone, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff, too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little sip of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter.—How about that?—another natural mention. If I keep writing like this, I'll win the Pulitzer Prize.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me mad after all these years to discover that something I've never done is what I do best. There may be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a crack at painting. I'll get a brush and some paint, and lie on my back and paint my bathroom ceiling. I may even make my own paint.

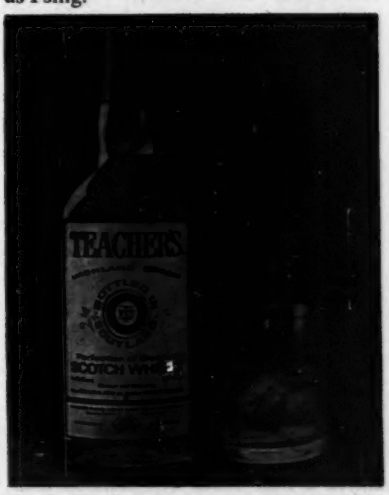
And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a reason to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand.—Another natural mention—and in oil, yet.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes; I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice I'm being natural.

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because if I didn't drink Teacher's with my right hand, you'd keep mistaking me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article, and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I write as good as I sing.



86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

project, a film version of *The Story of O*, or perhaps a children's story. "I finish *The Holy Mountain*," he says, "and now it's out. Like a child. I cut it away. Now it is for Allen Klein to do everything to recover his money."

He pauses and reflects on that. "I like a lot Allen Klein. He's a strange guy. I think he's a genius.

"He give me the energy, he put all the money, he never come to Mexico during the shooting, he fight all the time in the contract so I have all the artistical power." He smiles a beautiful, open smile. "He don't know, but for me it's a mystical union."

In the Fleetwood, heading uptown, I ask the other half of the mystical union whether he believes that Jodorowsky is actually as innocent as he seems to be.

"Well," Klein says with a grin, "I'm no expert on innocence. I suppose he's just a truster, like all artists."

"And how do you two get along personally?"

Klein shifts on the soft seat. "I have no idea what he thinks of me. I certainly like him. We're not really close, like I was with Lennon, but I feel warmth."

"This whole relationship strikes me as really odd," I say. "I mean, you two seem like contradictory personalities."

There is a long pause. "I don't know what you mean by that. We're contradictory personalities? You mean in values?"

"No, not in values."

"In what, then?"

"Well, in the sense that he seems almost ethereal, otherworldly."

He gives me the same look he gave the slick lawyer on the boat in Cannes. "I really appreciate the fact that you've known me so long that you can make a judgment like that. I think I'm maybe a little more well-rounded than you think. You may not believe it, but I'm interested in Jodorowsky because I think his stuff is great art."

We ride on in silence and five minutes later we are back in Klein's 41st floor offices, with the 29 gold albums on the walls and the spectacular view of the Hudson River. Klein, apparently, is too good a businessman to hold a grudge and as soon as he is settled behind his large desk, he is chatting amiably again.

"Look," he says, "I'm not gonna try and come on like a great patron of the arts. Jodorowsky has international value and I might make a lot of money on him. But his stuff ain't exactly *Papillon*. It's hard to sell. And, I tell you, I'd probably back him even if it looked like I wouldn't make a dime, because I truly believe this kind of art is necessary."

> "I finish *The Holy Mountain* and now it is out. I cut it away. Now it is for Allen Klein to recover his money."

I have some trouble with that. "You'd back him even if you thought you'd lose money?"

"Because I believe in the guy," says Klein emphatically. "Look, I first got involved in films in '60 when I produced something for the Du Ponts called *Without Each Other*, which was never released. I learned something from that. I learned that you gotta be honest with yourself. Don't sell crap."

"What did you do after the picture failed?"

He shrugs and smiles. "I went back to making money."

Among the ways he went back to making money, he tells me a bit later, was by making cheaper imitations of successful westerns. "Yeah," he recalls. "When Clint Eastwood hit there were 87 westerns with guys who didn't talk and look dirty. We had *Stranger in Town*, *Stranger Returns*—it was really easy. A hundred and a quarter and we were home. I just told my people, 'Follow what they're doing at UA.' "

This does not quite jibe with the Be True to Yourself credo enunciated five minutes before. Klein smiles. "It's easier to do it that way when you got the money," he admits. "Long as I have it, it doesn't matter if I lose it."

Somehow, through the maze of contradictions and self-serving homilies, an unmistakable sincerity peeks through all of this. Sure, nobody in their right mind is about to believe that Allen Klein is actually sinking his dough into Jodorowsky as an altruistic gesture, but it's nonetheless impossible to deny that his affection for the films is genuine. "Listen," he says, "I have no doubt that Alexandro eventually would've made it on his own. He came all this way without me and, one way or another, he would've gotten the films done. I just made it easier for him. But I tell you, I'm really proud of that. That was a good thing for me to do."

As a matter of fact, it was. Klein might well be as crafty and as nasty and as ruthless as most people assume he is, but he stands out as the only major American producer with the guts and savvy to early on put his money on a quantity as unknown and as unorthodox as Jodorowsky.

Klein, for his part, can't wait to see what happens in the industry if *The Holy Mountain* hits big. He already has his suspicions. "What's the last Mexican film you ever saw?" he asks. "Well, they turn 'em out ad nauseum—'sing and strums' at 20 grand a shot. And if Jodorowsky really takes off, they'll start buying 'em and pretty soon they'll be all over the damn place." He leans back in his chair and smiles. "Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. I've been there."●

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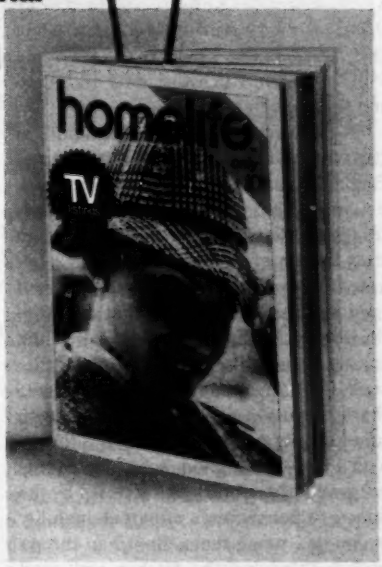


MOVIES

From the halls of schizophrenia to the shores of inanity

By Frank Rich

Is it a bird? No. Is it a plane? No. Is it—? God, no! It's . . . superkitsch! Or so it seems during the opening of John Boorman's new film, **Zardoz**, when, across a pallid doomsday sky, there appears a grotesquely fake-looking monster head—the tacky apotheosis of those voodoo figurines endemic to tourist-trap souvenir shops worldwide. But this isn't just idle kitsch; it's kitsch with something on its mind. As the head floats down to the terrorized, savage hordes below, it bellows supernatural commands. "The gun is good!" it exclaims, betraying a slight British accent. *"The penis is evil!"*

Well, any movie that begins like that can't be all bad and, indeed, if you slink down in your seat, squint your eyes and let *Zardoz* wash over you like a lukewarm, low-tide wave, you may well be able to luxuriate in its cockamamie imagery and fitful humor. It is equally likely, I'm afraid, that you will fall asleep. Since anyone who cares about film should see *Zardoz*—which is probably the most interesting failure to come around since Lindsay Anderson's *O Lucky Man!*—it might not be a bad idea, while pursuing this line of duty, to take some No-Doz (with which the film's title does not rhyme) before you go.

Such is the schizophrenic nature of this new sci-fi picture, the work of one of England's most talented young directors, a man who has made two very good movies (*Point Blank* and *Deliverance*) and no truly bad ones. That John Boorman is talented up to his ears is beyond doubt; it may be the several inches that comprise the rest of his head that are giving him trouble. Much like *Leo the Last* (a little-seen 1970 flop about an aristocrat who shares a dead-end British street with some shanty blacks), *Zardoz* is suffused with ideas—some good, some bad, some borrowed, some blue—and stymied by the director-screenwriter's apparent inability to choose among them. Boorman throws in everything but the kitchen sink—and no doubt left that out only because there no longer appear to be any in the year 2293, which is when the film takes place.

As the movie's ads point out, *Zardoz* unfolds "beyond 1984, beyond *2001*" . . . even a good century beyond Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, should you want to keep your future history in perspective. It is a time when, as Boorman sees it, the fitter survivors of the world's "age of darkness" will cling together in a technological commune, sealed off by an invisible shield (shades of "Gardol," as Colgate toothpaste fans may recall) from the "brutals" who roam the blighted landscape outside. While the brutals lead the life of wild animals, worshipping that Godlike head (whose name gives the film its title) and fending off death, the members of the commune (or "vortex," as the film's obligatory hocus-pocus lingo has it) do not themselves inhabit the best of all possible worlds. True, democracy and intellectual enlightenment have been perfected, but sex and death have become the new no-nos. One day, through a twist of clairvoyant fate, a wised-up brutal penetrates the vortex and turns everything topsy-turvy.

Sean Connery as the phallus who penetrates the vortex in Boorman's Zardoz.

Since this brutal is played by an aging Sean Connery, you can rest assured that a new eroticism, flabby though it might be as embodied by yesteryear's 007, spreads over the sterile land. This is, I assume, meant to be a good thing, because in 2293, according to Boorman, women run the show and the men are all effete intellectual twirps. Sure enough, when Connery appears and displays an (off-camera) erection, female eyes bulge in imitative response; even the two Big Sisters (played by two of England's best and least buxom actresses, Charlotte Rampling and Sara Kestelman) have a tough time resisting. Leave it to a he-man to awaken a horniness that had been dormant for several eons. (Unfortunately, the alien brutal is not able to affect a change in the commune's style of dress, which, for men and women alike, closely resembles the prevailing fashions of Hollywood's technicolor Biblical epics of the 1950s.)

It's not hard to guess that a world without sex is not going to remain that way for long in any movie these days, but neither is it hard to predict just about any other narrative development in *Zardoz*. People who like sci-fi movies of traditional means are going to be nonplussed by Boorman's supreme disinterest in concocting a story, just as they will be by the banal futuristic gadgetry he has provided. Given a slide projector, a PA system, some mirrors and Baggies, just about anyone can recreate the not-so-special effects of *Zardoz* in his own home.

In place of magic tricks and plot, Boorman relies on a visual structure, one that often seems as invisible as the wires that may or may not propel the movie's title artifact through the skies. This allows the director his somewhat abused free-

dom to notch off various philosophical points, ranging from the old pulp fiction chestnut that man best not screw around with Mother Nature to more original insights involving the tedium inherent in human perfection and the underrated virtues of death, dreams and certain aspects of civilization as we now know it. The movie's best sequence by far is a Bunuel-like flashback (and/or forward) in which hero Connery explores a petrified forest of books in the gutted remains of a pre-apocalypse library—and there discovers that the key to the world of his time may be contained in a certain American children's classic (whose name I would not presume to give away here).

Perhaps the dark firebombed library, with its dead clock and mangy car skeletons out front, is so effective because it stands out so much in contrast to the vortex itself, which looks like any rural British town that is sufficiently colorless to be left out of the guidebooks. The only saving grace of the main setting—and we don't see enough of it—is a decrepit glass-walled dance hall, full of grimly tattered crepe, where the commune's "renegades" hang out. These people are the vortex's main criminal offenders, sentenced to old-age infirmities (including senility) for their misdeeds but not allowed the final peace of kicking the bucket. Near-deaf and loony, the renegades stagger around in frayed evening dress, looking for all the world like a Guy Lombardo New Year's Eve cotillion at the Waldorf might were a plane to drop napalm on the celebrants at five minutes to twelve.

The renegades do get a chance to participate in the film's (and vortex's) final blow-out, a cathartic shindig of loose ends, replete with distorted psychedelic catacombs, reworked sequences from other movies (the mirrored shoot-out of Orson Welles' *The Lady from Shanghai* and the comic epilogue of Buster Keaton's *College*) and all that white smoke that goes *poof*. It's an original mind that can combine all this, and superkitsch, too, into a single enterprise. That didn't stop me, even while admiring the breadth of Boorman's imagination, from wishing I were somewhere else, watching real low-down trash instead of this all too diffusely ironic facsimile thereof.

Producer-director-screenwriter Larry Cohen, a triple non-threat if ever there was one, forsakes the pits of what *Variety* calls blaxploitation (he made *Black Caesar* and *Hell Up in Harlem*) and tells us what is really on his mind in a new comedy called **Bone**. The answer is a loud and resounding "not much."

This film, which appears to have been made on the kind of budget that might give shoestrings a bad name, is worth mentioning, however fleetingly, if only because it demonstrates the lengths to which a determinedly hip filmmaker will go to appear insane—so that we might not divine that he is actually inane. *Bone* comes on strong and shrill and crazy, scatologically laying waste to everything from race to rape (a satirical spectrum that runs roughly from A to D), apparently in the misguided belief that if you flounder around neurotically enough, the audience won't examine the goods too closely. Outside of 50-year-old "beatniks" who try to stay young by wearing beads and talking in the kid street lingo of 1966, I doubt too many people will confuse Cohen's desperation with inspiration or his artlessness with art.

Andrew Duggan meets a "hippie" (Jeannie Berlin) in Cohen's Bone.

Besides ripping off whomever might come to see it, *Bone* also spends a lot of time retreading gags that have been done before in better comedies, such as George Axelrod's *Lord Love a Duck* and *Secret Life of an American Wife*, Carl Reiner's *Something Different* and nearly every film made by Paul Mazursky. Even worse is the film's love scene between a young female "hippie" (Jeannie Berlin) and a jaded middle-aged man (Andrew Duggan). This corrupt fantasy, which seems to strike a chord with some older moviegoers for reasons best left to Dr. David Reuben to decipher, has already appeared in *Joe, Save the Tiger* and *Breezy*. Those three lousy "with-it" bonbons seem almost weighty in comparison to Cohen's film.

Sadly enough, *Bone* is all too typical of the new and most insidious breed of post-'60s head movie. This is the kind of film that knocks society's injustices in a cavalier, indiscriminate fashion by leaning heavily on nasty words, soft-core sex and pushy metaphors instead of real thought or politics—all with the implicit assumption that if you go to the film stoned, it will, you know, blow your mind and radicalize your soul. God knows there's good reason to piss on nearly everything in sight these days. But, really, if a filmmaker doesn't have the intelligence to take good aim, he shouldn't be too surprised if he finds himself peeing into the wind. ●

BOOKS

A book that presents Marx as neither demon nor antichrist nor avenging angel

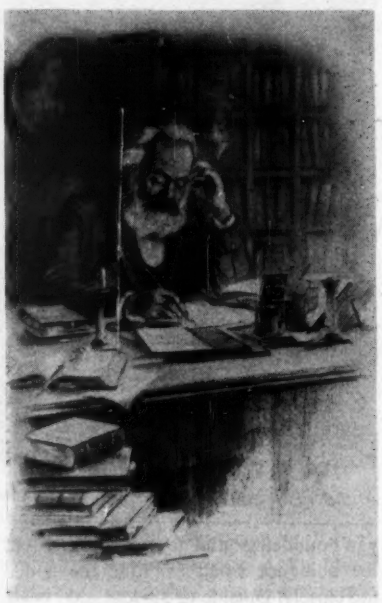
By Richard Kluger

KARL MARX: His Life and Thought *by David McLellan,* Harper & Row, 498 pp., $12.50.

He looked like what he was, a shaggy dynamo. Medium size, big shoulders, very black hair sprouting all over, coat buttoned wrong, wrapped in a cloud of tobacco smoke through which the little fierce eyes, under menacing brows, burned like embers and the metallic voice of a spellbinder readily penetrated. All together, a commanding, redoubtable figure. But they kept tossing him out of places on his butt. The Prussians in particular found him a prodigal native son, twice banishing him as a foaming menace to fatted Junkerdom. The French were a bit more hospitable before shipping him down the Seine, and the Belgians he made nervous as hell. Only in London did they let him be, his thundering pen (decipherable to no one but his wife) allowed to pursue its cosmic task in a tiny, littered Soho study a bomb's-throw from Victoria's palace.

Not, mind you, that the British were pleased with Karl Marx. Though he lived among them for the last half of his life, unhectored and seemingly unnoticed (his masterpiece was not published in England till a dozen years after his death), he was turned down when he applied for citizenship. Ever-alert Scotland Yard advised the Home Office that the applicant, all his years in the sceptered isles notwithstanding, was "the notorious German agitator" who, having proven disloyal to his own monarch and fatherland, was surely too Schweppervescent to make a tidy subject to Her Majesty.

Truly, Marx was a man without a country. But since nothing less than mankind's whole social order was the chosen terrain of his toil, national frontiers were the merest of trip wires to the reach of his thought. His thought was singleminded, dwelling with variable quantities of rage



upon the fate of impoverished multitudes who worked the land and the mills from sunrise to sundown without hope or reward beyond survival itself.

His solution, compounded of German idealist philosophy, French socialism, English economics and his own slashing genius, was to turn the class struggle on its ear. Snatch the engines of industry from their owners—by force and by terror if that was how it would have to be done—and seize the land and give it to the people in the name of humanity. The very concept of private property, so sanctified by those who had established the American republic the century before, was selfish and sinful: it divided men into masters and slaves and made life a daily battlefield. After the great come-and-get-it revolution, no man would be forever tethered to a machine, endlessly performing his mind-pulverizing task in the insidious division of labor that capitalism had craftily invented to turn muscle into money. On that day of days, the banners would go up: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs!"

And so Marx and his evangelizing crew wandered the face of Europe in quest of, or trying to light, the next revolution. They were like, as David McLellan suggests here, "the early Christians awaiting the Second Coming"—a state of chronic anticipation that "partly accounts for the *ad hoc* nature of much of Marx's life during what was in fact to be a long and sleepless night of exile."

It is impossible to conceive of a more challenging literary and scholarly task than the one Professor McLellan has set himself. There has been no substantial new biography of Marx in half a century—almost precisely the span during which his imperative teachings, however turgid and unfathomable in parts, have inspired profound upheavals across the earth. Measured by the coldest of numbers, no man who ever lived can claim greater impact: half the people alive today live, happily or otherwise, under variants of the social system he prescribed. Author of five earlier books on the thought of communism's most beatified saint, Professor McLellan is no

doubt admirably equipped for his job. Yet his biography, enriched by materials newly available since the last life of Marx (including the revelatory Marx-Engels correspondence, which flowed at the rate of every other day for 20 years), is a disappointment. Perhaps it had to be.

During the fratricidal struggles over doctrine in his Paris days, one of Marx's detractors in the socialist camp charged that "he knew the world more in theory than in practice." Without confronting the charge, biographer McLellan dutifully assembles the pieces that, viewed in a way that the author does not, deny such a trivializing estimate.

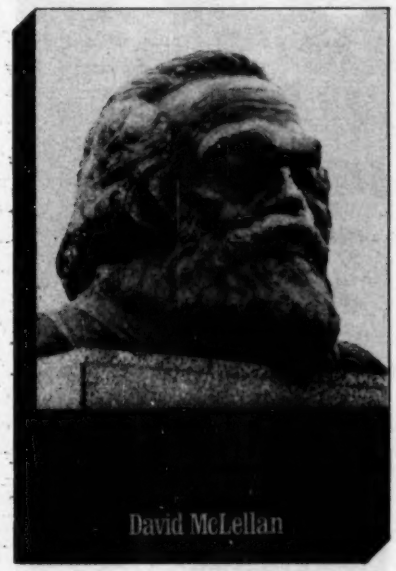
One can make a case, on the face of it, for dismissing Marx as a frenzied ideologue, for most of his life an unemployed intellectual who never tended a spinning jenny or plowed a potato patch or manned a barricade. A doctor of philosophy, he never held an academic chair or otherwise gave disciplined vent to his learning. Offspring of a *bourgeois* lawyer, he never counted thrift a virtue. He spent whatever he got his hands on, as if disdaining the very touch of the stuff, and was reduced to begging from friends and family in a vain effort to fend off the poverty that dogged him nearly all his days.

A ne'er-do-well utopian, to judge him by conventional standards, he held little measurable power even within the tumultuous labor movement then beginning to flex its stunted sinews. A skilled polemical journalist, he showed brilliance as both writer and editor for several fledgling radical-liberal sheets that soon flickered out of existence. His philosophical writings and occasional broadsides, not excluding *The Communist Manifesto*, went practically unnoticed outside a tiny circle of post-Hegelian thinkers and socialist buccaneers. And if Engels, whose generosity sustained him for years, had not hustled to set up some friendly reviews, the first printing of *Capital* (numbering 1,000 copies and called, of course, in this original version, *Das Kapital*) might have been the last.

But if power and fame seemed to elude him and poverty and illness were chronic with him, Karl Marx was no feckless dreamer. His windmills rattled in a very real and very stiff wind, and there was little of the quixotic about his lifelong crusade. He knew the deprivations of the proletariat without himself having suffered them. He knew all the tongues of Europe and, at university and hunkered afterward in the British Museum, read all the history there was to read, and he supplemented that with all the statistics that the newly industrialized nation states were starting to produce on their economies. His learning was prodigious, the sweep of his intellect spectacular.

His was an imperious, inspiring presence, and he ill bore contradiction. His very brilliance and forthrightness made him less of a politician and very little the demagogue. He had to settle for the distant respect of working stiffs and he failed to avoid—indeed seemed almost to thrive on—energy-squandering quarrels with fellow organizers of the Communist League and the International, the two contemporary movements into which he poured his vitality. Neither thrived for long. But the intensity and restlessness of his mission to dominate men's minds yielded, for all the disorder and turmoil of his life, enough writing and enough disciples to plant what others were to reap in a mighty harvest.

Professor McLellan, then, has done well in giving us a this-worldly Marx, worrying about his daughters'


David McLellan

beaux or his latest carbuncle (he grew a large and painful crop, which adversely affected his literary production) no less than a radiant new social order. His newest biographer, though, has failed to place this Gulliver in perspective. Here are careful, tiresome accounts of the strident factionalism among the radical *philosophes* of the day and objective summaries, in proper chronological sequence, of everything Marx wrote. It is a bibliographer's dream. But nowhere does the author take the measure of the man and suggest what there was about him, his work and his legacy that changed the world.

Having himself worked with Marx's teachings in so many previous books, McLellan no doubt assumes that the nature of the achievement is clear to all by now. It is not. One comes away from *Karl Marx: His Life and Thought* knowing a good deal about that life and thought but virtually nothing about the context of either or how and where the thinker broke new ground. What made Marx so staunch a rebel? There are a few paragraphs of surmise. Capitalism was the great hobgoblin of Marx's mind, but what forms had it taken in that age and what agony did it specifically inflict on the laboring class? The Industrial Revolution was unfolding with all its grimy might, and the enslaved hordes on the eastern and western wings of Marx's consciousness—Russia and America—were being emancipated, but these momentous events, of direct relevance to Marx's unfolding doctrines, are scarcely mentioned. It is as if all the *sturm und drang* of his life exploded inside a belljar.

Praise is due McLellan, no doubt, for presenting Marx as neither demon nor antichrist nor avenging angel. In a world where there are said to be no neutral men, dispassion may be a very good thing. But surely it is possible to assess the moral and ethical purposes of Marx and his -ism without either dismissing or embracing them. Just now many Americans are beginning to wrestle with some fateful questions that grow from basic conflicts inherent in capitalism and visible to Marx, among others, even a century ago. When does a man's drive for possessions, territory and the free play of his enterprise collide with the interests of society at large? At what point can freedom be termed rapacious? In Darwin's work Marx recognized "the natural-history basis for our view" of the ongoing struggle for survival, and Engels cited Darwin by name at Marx's graveside. Yet the analogies between the work of the two great thinkers are not explored here. Nor are Marx's legacy and the question of just why—given its stylistic and doctrinal complexities—it took such powerful hold. All we are told is that Lenin was persuaded by one of Marx's passages on the virtues of proletarian dictatorship.

The net effect of these omissions can be likened to a biography of Columbus that discloses a great deal about his wardrobe, crew and ships but fails to mention the New World. On top of which, Professor McLellan is a pedestrian writer. This is an important book for the most pragmatic of reasons. But it will not tell capitalists how to win back the world any more than it risks a surmise on the spectacular efficacy of Marxism. Still, we had all better stop dwelling on the cherry tree little George didn't chop down and have a gander at what Karl was up to.

Joni Mitchell's most self-assured album is enormously sexy

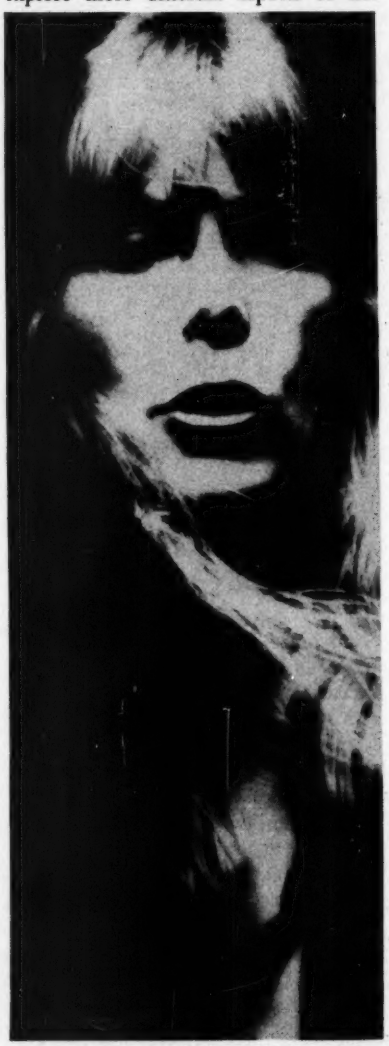
By Janet Maslin

You can make a pretty good case for *Blue*, and well you might; Joni Mitchell's moody, complex fourth album is still her best by all the usual standards. But I happen to have taken a tremendous shine to her new album (number six) *Court and Spark* for a variety of reasons, not all of them musical. This is her most intimate album, her most relaxed, her most self-aware. It is also, not at all coincidentally, Joni at her most high-spirited, biting and flat-out fun.

Court and Spark is about romance, like all of Joni's albums have been, but this time she's finally evolved into a seasoned, world-wise veteran, not a fragile and perennially wounded victim. She's come to see love as cyclic, almost a ritual by now, and yet for all her awareness she can never seem to resist new advances. Suckered in time and again, and always knowing she'll be ultimately disappointed, the best she can do is enjoy her overview and have an occasional good laugh at her own expense.

So "Car On A Hill" has her sitting home awaiting her latest lothario; he's late and she's annoyed because she can't stop listening for him, can't concentrate on anything else, and why does *her* life have to be the one that's disrupted while he's blithely out on the town? Yet the song has one of the album's most upbeat, lighthearted arrangements because cheerful resignation is surely an improvement over smoldering. And a little release is better than no release at all.

For all her frankness about her own self-proclaimed romantic failings, Joni never even begins to try explaining why the turnover rate has to be so high; the album's approach is to tackle symptoms bravely while it dodges whatever the real problem may be. But the symptoms alone are surely subject enough, at least as far as the distaff half of her audience is concerned. Joni understands her own femininity better than any other woman songwriter around; she can depict the problems it poses as not just cyclic but universal, too. And her most romantic album presents the opportunity for her to explore more different aspects of her femininity than she ever has before.



Joni's Court and Spark: *"she's begun to play with her voice more."*

"Same Situation," the album's best song, has a striking image of her "tethered to a ringing telephone/In a room full of mirrors," trapped by her vanity and her need for approval. "Just Like This Train" culminates in more "sour grapes, because I lost my heart." "Help Me" is a flirty little song in which a warning goes ignored: "When I get that crazy feeling, I know I'm in trouble again . . . ." And the title cut pits her eternal seduceability against the all-powerful ambition that just won't let her go.

"Raised On Robbery," her first real rock-and-roll number, has her raucously impersonating a brassy barroom hooker and sounding like she loves every minute of it. In "Free Man In Paris," her most ironic song about both professional and sexual role-playing, she remembers having felt like a man simply because she was away from home and away from her responsibilities, feeling genuinely gutsy and independent for a change.

Court and Spark is unbeatably well written and composed, which is pretty much the norm for Joni. What's different is her singing. She's begun to play with her voice more, expanding her range (notably down into the lower, throatier registers), indulging herself in more new flights of whimsy and adding a well-placed sultry sigh here and there. She achieves a whole new freedom this time, the nervous brittle quality of some of her early work finally banished. Resigning herself to a state of flux, she seems to have attained her own brand of stability at last, and her mature self-assurance is enormously sexy. She's always been a real joy anyway, but even more so now that she's feeling free enough to giggle her way through the album's culminating, mysterious glimpse at madness—"Twisted," a jazzy little Lambert and Ross number about a lady who says she's got two heads.●

TELEVISION

A few words on a wounded network and a dead writer

By Stuart Werbin

We've come to talk of a dead man today, but first a few overdue words about the American Broadcasting Company. Here it is issue number nine and we've hardly filled a paragraph with juice about ABC. One might suspect a conspiracy on my part, and the truth is that I'm damned pissed off at the number three network, and not merely because of what it did to that dead man I'll get to later. I'm pissed because I spent half a bottle of Murine's-worth of viewing time taking notes on new programs that ABC cancelled before I could get to the typewriter.

Now, one can hardly blame the boys in the ABC front office for scratching seven of their eight turkeys sitting in Mr. Nielson's bottom 11, especially when they don't have a single entry even knocking on the door to the top 10. I included among the scratches *Adam's Rib* (of which I would have had a good thing to say) because, although the official ax hasn't fallen at this writing, it finished 64 out of 71 rated shows and is doomed. The same fate became ABC's other bastardization of a Hollywood film, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,* which was so overly scrubbed and desexed for the tube that it should be called an "out-of-wedlockization" of a Hollywood film. Ironically, B&C&T&A finished the year number 69, just under ABC's falling *Partridge Family,* the only program that, according to Mr. Nielson's numerology, has lost half the audience it had the previous year (rumor says that audience graduated to junior high).

The network's first substitution for 1974, *ABC Theatre,* brings up the dead man for discussion. The "special" was called *F. Scott Fitzgerald and "The Last of the Belles."* It was another sad night for the beautiful but damned kid from Princeton. The structure of the program was a Fitzgerald short story, which was based on his courtship of Zelda, which was played against the decay of their marriage, a decay which he reached back into to write the story. It was an adventurous and sophisticated attempt at theater. Unfortunately, the execution by the company was so blatantly inept that any courageousness in experimentation was muddled in the muddle of the muddle. Much of the source material for the program seemed to come from Nancy Milford's best-selling book *Zelda,* the first fully realized attempt at drawing sympathy for the heroine at the expense of the more famous Scott. *ABC Theatre* compounded this impression, but it is quite possible that it did so unwittingly. The script, like most of television, seemed compelled to offer equal time to the virtues and weaknesses of both halves of the celebrated couple. However, the acting performances of the women portraying Zelda and her fictional model contained so much more life and depth than the mens' portrayals of Scott and his alter ego, Lieutenant Andy McKenna, that one could not help but come away cursing the dolt Fitzgerald for wearing down his spirited wife.

Chamberlain and Danner as Scott and Zelda: "echoing the Jazz Age."

David Huffman, as McKenna, looked and acted like a remarkable wax impression of the 1916-that-side-of-paradise Fitzgerald. But he refused to risk maring the photocopy resemblance with any attempts at emotion. Richard Chamberlain was worse and didn't even look like Scott. He looked instead like a repeat performance of his own Edward VIII. Although Fitzgerald and King Edward were contemporaries, we refuse to accept Chamberlain's thesis that they were pretty much the same guy.

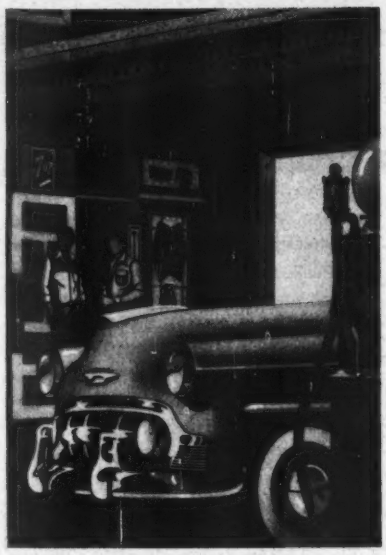
Blythe Danner, who was the nice thing I would have had to say about *Adam's Rib,* played a sullen, uncommunicative Zelda. She projected through her face and body movements all the pain of Scott's wife. I had not previously seen Susan Sarandon, who played a Georgia belle; I look forward to seeing her again to find out if she's really that terrific.

So TV's had the first crack at echoing the Jazz Age through F. Scott Fitzgerald. It must have been uncomfortable for him on whatever side of Paradise he now resides. I've heard he could laugh, though, and I hope he still can, because his soul will be further tested before the year is out. Paramount is just about ready to release *The Great Gatsby,* and MGM has announced the signing of Mike Nichols to direct a film version of Fitzgerald's unfinished final novel, *The Last Tycoon.* MGM announced the production in conjunction with its 75th anniversary. It neglected to say that because the studio is in collapse, *The Last Tycoon* will be its only major film made during its 75th year.

While writing *The Last Tycoon,* Fitzgerald—broke and drinking himself to death—was under contract to MGM. One movie he did some work on was a forgotten wet snowball called *Winter Carnival.* Well, not completely forgotten. The same day as *F. Scott Fitzgerald and "The Last of the Belles"* was broadcast, New York's ABC station showed *Winter Carnival.* At 9 a.m., playing against (among others) *Truth or Consequences, Romper Room* and *Andy of Mayberry.* ●

FINAL TRIBUTE

Bye Bye "Barney's Cut-Rate We Never Close Gasorama"



By Penny Ward

At first, I took the whole fuel shortage pretty much in stride. On TV, Walter and Howard and Harry and John talked about the hundreds of independent gas stations around the country that had closed, and I didn't care very much. But driving home for the holidays I discovered the cruel statistics had dealt me a personal loss. "Barney's Cut-Rate We Never Close Gasorama" had succumbed to its first, and last, world problem. Our old home away from home—where we were introduced to grape pop, cigarettes, cars and sex, in that order—was, a sloppy sign said, "Closed Up."

It was just a two-pump, white-washed-stucco, independent gas station, but it had also been the educational and cultural center for local adolescents, a place where we rural kids hung out for lack of better alternatives. No teachers, parents, social pressures or fears of underachievement. For us it was the junction of two blacktop roads in Illinois. I suppose it was hundreds of crossroads everywhere.

So I got the story from Barney's grimy former apprentice, Big Clarence, who was feeling sorry for himself in the local taproom. Barney had kept his gas price at 29⁹ until last fall. Then supplies to independent stations were cut. It was happening everywhere, Big Clarence said. Barney had finally hung it up in early December, saying, "I just can't see no way to get ahead by going in the hole." And for me, a big part of growing up rural had ended.

Barney's unchanging station had looked like the "how not to" of gas station management. Clutter. Oil. Permadust clinging to grease. A red plastic clock and a calendar that never changed because Barney had fallen in love with the 1957 Chicago Muffler Co. calendar girl.

Barney was a satisfied man, a greying slow-mover who didn't worry about anything except running out of Lucky Strikes. He didn't make much money on the business. He didn't care. He gave credit and employed no gimmicks. The big chain gas stations gave away steak knives and cocktail glasses. About twice a year Barney gave away his homely dog's motley puppies.

Growing up at Gasorama had four phases and grape pop was first. Grape pop started around age 10 when we were old enough to participate in hoeing in the fields. Ten-thirty and 3:30 daily were break times when we'd go to the Gasorama. There, a dime liberated a 12-ounce bottle of Barney's off-brand but fabulous-tasting grape pop. It hung by its neck in ice water in an old slide-rail vending machine whose three moving parts never failed to deliver.

After the grape-pop years came cigarettes, which Barney sold to teens without reservation, since he had not to anyone's knowledge been seen without a Lucky Strike since First Communion.

By about 16, kids started making trade-outs with Barney. We all took up more space sitting around as we grew, so we sometimes helped out pumping gas or rearranging clutter. Barney stocked some pretty flashy equipment when it was in vogue to put $210 worth of showy accessories on a $65 car. Furry mirror muff. Sponge dice. Stick-on fire stripes. Dangle fringe in the rear window framing a "Swiv'ling Maiden" hula dancer doll.

All this was part of the courtship display of the cigarettes-going-on-sex stage. Cars impressed girls. If loved bloomed, complications of early manhood were lessened by Barney's back room "rubber machine" which vended a discount condom claiming, "You won't know it's there." According to repeated tales of woe, the slogan was unfortunately very true. Several members of the budding grape pop set owed their existence to that slogan.

So now it's January and I'm making a pitstop at a big, shiny, clean chain gas station, and Barney's somewhere puffing on a Lucky and snickering at the "No Loitering" signs he sees in these places. I notice a whiny kid putting 30 cents into a complex beverage machine and a little plastic cup falls down and topples over. The kid straightens the cup and catches seven ounces of warm fruit punch fizzy. He doesn't know. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

Carly's new album is available now at record stores everywhere